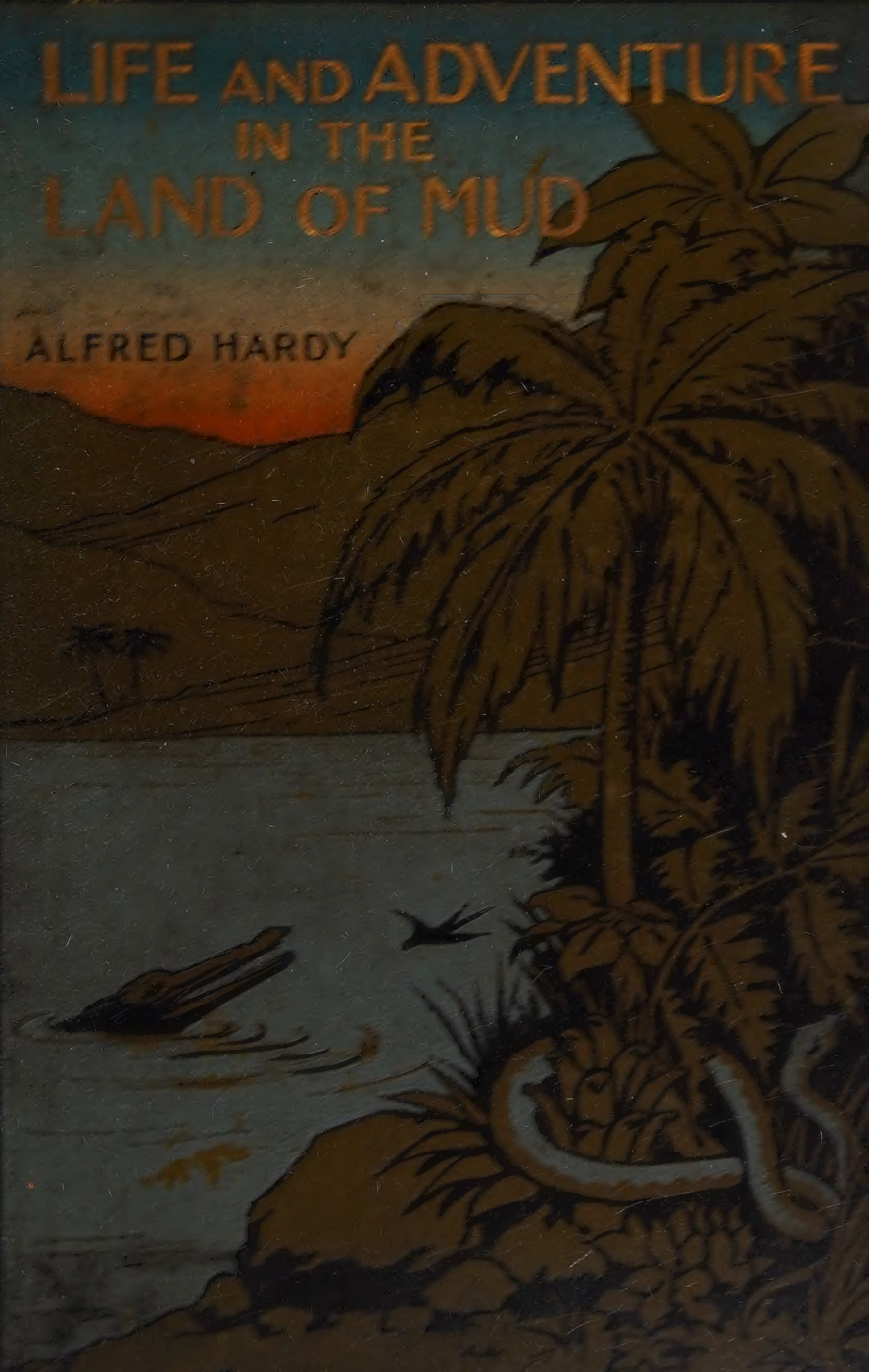
LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE LAND OF MUD

ALFRED HARDY



Wm. Rhodes

S. Hatcher

LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE 'LAND OF MUD'

THE AUTHOR.

[*Frontispiece.*

Yours cordially,
Alfred Hardy

LIFE AND ADVENTURE
IN THE
'LAND OF MUD'

Stories and Incidents of
Missionary Work in British Guiana
for 'the young of all ages'

BY
ALFRED HARDY

London
CHARLES H. KELLY
25-35 CITY ROAD, AND 26 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

First Edition, 1913

TO
HER,
who travelled
nearly five thousand
miles across the sea to
become MY WIFE, and share
my labours, in the
'LAND OF MUD':
and to
THAT NOBLE ARMY OF BOYS AND GIRLS,
who every year collect many thousands of
Pounds for the Work of the
WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
without whose aid much of the Society's
work would be impossible, this Volume
is affectionately dedicated, in the
hope that it may not only
interest these Little Workers,
but inspire them to 'a
patient continuance
in well-doing.'
THE
AUTHOR

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	FOREWORD	xi
I.	—RALEIGH'S ROMANTIC DREAM	1
II.	—'THE MAGNIFICENT PROVINCE'	6
III.	—SUNDAY MORNING IN GEORGETOWN	13
IV.	—AMONG THE VILLAGES	19
V.	—A RIVER JOURNEY	28
VI.	—'HINTERLAND'	37
VII.	—FLORA AND FAUNA	45
VIII.	—'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN' (1)	63
IX.	—'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN' (2)	79
X.	—SUPERSTITIONS	92
XI.	—'DE OLE SLABE TIME'	102
XII.	—'THE DEMERARA MARTYR'	116
XIII.	—MORE MISSIONARY JOURNEYS	124
XIV.	—THE OTHER CHURCHES	129
XV.	—CRYSTALS AND NUGGETS	131
XVI.	—'ODDS AND ENDS'	136
XVII.	—NEGRO PROVERBS	140
XVIII.	—'THE GOOD TIME COMING'	154

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR .	*Frontispiece*
	TO FACE PAGE
VIEW OF GEORGETOWN FROM LIGHTHOUSE TOWER, SHOWING RIVER AND SHIPPING	4
TRINITY WESLEYAN CHURCH	16
SNAKE NUTS AND CARIB CLUB . . .	49
WATERFOOT MERCHANT AND NEGRO PREACHER	74
UPPER WATER STREET	108
VIEW OF GEORGETOWN FROM MARKET TOWER	132
SPECIMENS OF GUIANA FRUIT	158

FOREWORD

SINCE returning from the 'Land of Mud' in 1893, it has been my privilege to address a great number of missionary meetings, in various parts of the country; and I have invariably found 'young people of all ages' deeply interested in the story of missionary work and adventure in that little-known but most fascinating part of the world.

Like Oliver Twist, they 'ask for more.' Often I have been requested to recommend a suitable book for further information. This I have been unable to do, though sometimes, to those specially interested in the country itself, I have named that charming volume, Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*. The book, for some time, was out of print; but cheap and good editions are now issued by Blackie and Sons, and the Religious Tract Society.

Waterton, however, was a traveller and naturalist, and his book has no bearing on missionary work and enterprise. It is more concerned with the country than with the people.

From time to time in the past the Methodist Publishing House has issued short sketches of life and missionary work in the 'Land of Mud' (though never under that title); but there is no book or sketch of which I have any knowledge, on the lines or covering the same ground as the following pages.

There is also perhaps no part of the British Empire so vaguely and uncertainly known as this,

our first and oldest Colony. Were I to give it its best known name, I doubt if more than five per cent. of the 'Grownups' in this intelligent country could tell us where the place is to within a thousand miles, or what kind of place it is, or who lives there; whether it is an island; or anything else about it.

Practically it is a *terra incognita* to the average Englishman. And yet it is one of the most fascinating and romantic parts of the globe; and the same may be said of the story of our missionary work there.

These facts, coupled with the conviction that the story of 'Life and Adventure in the Land of Mud' is worth telling—though I fear I cannot do it justice—and may stimulate missionary endeavour in this Centenary Year of our Missionary Society, have led me to yield to the request of many friends, and venture to write.

I have made no attempt to write a book of any literary merit, but simply told my tale, with the sole purpose of interesting my readers, and giving them a homely peep into a missionary's life. I have, however, taken great pains to give reliable and accurate information.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to *Among the Hindus and Creoles of British Guiana*, written by my old friend and colleague, since gone to his rest—the Rev. H. V. P. Bronkhurst—for facts and incidents of the slave trade; to the *Handbook of British Guiana* by my old friend, James Rodway, Esq., F.L.S., the Librarian of the Georgetown Public Library and Reading-room; for information concerning the history and interior of the Colony; to Waterton's *Wanderings in South America* for

knowledge of the 'fauna of the country; and to *Sketches of African and Indian Life in British Guiana*, by Father Scholes, for some facts in the chapter on 'Superstitions' — all of which are reliable sources of information; and to my son for designing the cover and making a few pen-and-ink sketches to illustrate this volume.

And now, with the hope that 'my labours have not been in vain,' I humbly submit *Life and Adventure in the 'Land of Mud'* to the generous verdict of my readers.

ALFRED HARDY.

'THE MANSE,'
BIRKENSHAW,
BRADFORD.

LIFE AND ADVENTURE
IN THE
'LAND OF MUD'

CHAPTER I

RALEIGH'S ROMANTIC DREAM

'WHERE is the Land of Mud?'

If the reader will kindly turn to the map of South America, and look at the tract of land on the north-east coast lying between the rivers Orinoco and Amazon, his question will be answered. There he will find a stretch of country called Guiana, British, Dutch, and French Guianas side by side, Dutch Guiana being sandwiched between British and French.

British Guiana is the country that is spoken of as the 'Land of Mud.' The part most thickly inhabited is nothing more than a vast 'Fluvio-marine-alluvium,' as scholars call it—which simply means mud from the rivers and the ocean, washed up by the tides, and baked by the sun into a mighty bank, some two hundred miles in length, from five to thirty-five in breadth, and one hundred feet thick. On this mud bank live considerably over a quarter of a million of people, of almost every nationality under the sun.

This strange country has the honour and distinction of being the oldest of our British Colonies, and the only little bit of the British Empire in that vast and wonderful Continent of South America; besides which it is one of our earliest and most successful mission-fields.

The first Wesleyan missionary landed in Guiana in 1805, eight years before our Missionary Society was formed—but more of this anon.

The country was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1498. From that time onward, for nearly one hundred years, it seems to have attracted very little attention, and next to nothing is known. Vincent Yanez Pinzon, a Spanish navigator, is believed to have been the first to sail up the Amazon, and Vasco Nuñez landed on the shores of Guiana in the year 1504.

Ninety-one years later, in 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh, for whom this wonderful country had a mighty fascination, ascended the Orinoco, with five ships, in search of the 'El Dorado'—the golden city of Manoa, where was the lake with golden sands, and a mine of gold, presided over by a gilded king, who, every morning, after having been anointed with balsam, was blown over with gold dust, so that he had the appearance of being made of gold.

This fable was fully believed in those days in Spain, whence Raleigh in all probability received it.

Throughout the West Indies, and all along the coast of what is now known as Venezuela, the Spaniards found the Indians in possession of gold plates, rumoured to have come from the 'Land of Cannibals' (the earliest name given to Guiana, from reports of man-eating Caribs on the Coast. The

name Guiana means 'the Wild Coast'). These gold plates may have been the origin of this strange dream; in any case they would give strength to the belief.

On Raleigh's arrival, he found that the Spaniards had been before him, but had abandoned the search.

From the Indians up the Orinoco, he heard more of the 'El Dorado,' and, bringing back a number of stones containing small portions of gold, he sailed for England, purposing to make another attempt a year later; but poor Raleigh's troubles grew around him thick and fast. It was not until the year 1616 that he made his next and final attempt to find 'The richest country in the world'; but it proved a disastrous failure. If there were an 'El Dorado,' he never found it; and on returning to England he was thrown into prison, and on the 29th of October, 1618, was beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. Sir Walter's romantic and magnificent dreams have invested Guiana with added mystery; but, although gold has been found in recent years in the Colony in fairly large quantities, no such 'Golden City of Manoa' as Raleigh hoped to find has been or is ever likely to be realized.

From 1498, the year of Columbus's discovery, to 1814, the 'Land of Mud' had a chequered history —now belonging to the Spaniards, then to the French, the Dutch, and the English in turn; but in 1814, after its occupation for some years by the Dutch, who did much for the place, and left their mark upon it in the curious names of many parts of the Colony, it was finally and formally ceded to England.

At that time it consisted of three Colonies—

Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice—so named after the rivers upon which they are built, and which drain them; but seventeen years later, in 1831, the three Colonies were consolidated into one.

Since that time, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice are known as British Guiana; one colony divided into three counties, Demerara taking the precedence, being the seat of Government, the most thickly populated and by far the greatest business centre.

The coast line of British Guiana is about two hundred and eighty miles in length, and varies in breadth from two hundred to four hundred and fifty miles.

Its area is variously estimated at from seventy-six thousand to one hundred thousand square miles. It is by far the largest of our West Indian Colonies, fifteen times as big as all the British Antilles put together, as large as two Ceylons, and about the size of the British Isles.

Guiana is a land of mighty rivers. The *Essequibo* is about six hundred and twenty miles long, and forms an estuary at its mouth twenty miles wide, containing several cultivated islands, from twelve to fifteen miles in length, and three miles in width; but it is only navigable for some fifty miles, in consequence of various obstructions from cataracts. The *Corantyne* forms a boundary between British and Dutch Guiana, variously estimated, at its mouth, to be from ten to eighteen miles wide, and navigable for small vessels for a hundred and fifty miles. The *Demerara*, the upper portion of which is largely unknown, is navigable for vessels of considerable size for seventy to eighty miles. This river is about

Photo, W. H. Stephens & Co., Demerara.

View of Georgetown from Lighthouse Tower, showing River and Shipping

(Face page 1.

as large as the Thames, and by far the most important, as the capital of the Colony is built upon its banks, which are more settled and firm than those of any other river in Guiana. The *Berbice* and *Cuyuni* are also both of them of considerable size and importance.

From the mouths of these and other mighty rivers is poured a constant stream of muddy water, bearing thousands of tons of earth in solution, darkening the blue Atlantic for fully fifty miles beyond its shores.

This 'Demerara pea-soup,' as it is called, is the first indication you receive that you are nearing Guiana, and as we have seen, is the explanation of this strange and unique geological formation called the 'Land of Mud.'

How many ages this process of formation has been going on, who can tell?

CHAPTER II

'THE MAGNIFICENT PROVINCE'

THE 'Land of Mud' is proudly spoken of by the people of the place as 'The Magnificent Province.' But should you ever take a journey thither, you would see nothing very magnificent from the deck of the ship, as you cast anchor in the Demerara river. If you first set eyes upon it, as the writer did, about five o'clock in the morning, an hour before sunrise, the sight will not be very inspiring. Dark! except for a few lights blinking on the shore, and from the ships alongside the wharves, revealing the dim outline of numerous wooden structures and ghost-like buildings in the farther background, and the tops of a few palm-trees. Still! as though asleep; the only sounds being the lapping of the muddy waters on the sides of the vessels, the blowing off of steam, and the bustle of sailors preparing to discharge their cargo, as soon as the sun gets up at six o'clock. 'The Magnificent Province' is in no hurry to reveal her glory. You must wait and see. It will dawn upon you gradually but irresistibly as time goes on. When you step off the tug that fetches you ashore, in the daylight, behind all those wooden shanties you saw—which by the way are warehouses and 'stellings' (Dutch for wharves or landing-stages), you find yourself in 'The finest city in the West Indies.'

One of the first buildings you see on your left is the Public Market—a large galvanized, corrugated iron structure, covering a great area, with tall, square tower, in which is a large clock giving the time on every side. Should you turn into the market you would be reminded of the confusion of the Tower of Babel: Chinese, East Indians, Portuguese, West Indians and others, all making a most vigorous use of that little member—the tongue. The scene is busy and diversified—meat, fruit, fish, ice, screeching parrots and many other things being offered for sale.

Then on your right come the Government Buildings, with a mosque-like dome in the centre, and porches, giving the whole quite an Oriental appearance. This is one of the very few stone or concrete buildings in the Colony, and is washed stone colour. Surrounded by a substantial palisade, which encloses well-kept gardens and carriage drive, it gives one the impression of solidity and dignity befitting such a structure. Here and there you will see the native policeman, with well blacked boots, dark blue trousers, white linen tunic, and black-nebbed cap with white cotton puggaree behind; his baton at his side, in a leathern sheath. Turning to the left you find yourself in Water Street, the business street of the city, and one of the narrowest. When I knew it, tramlines ran down the centre, for 'toast-rack' cars, drawn by mules, driven by negroes, with a whip, the lash of which was a long flat piece of leather, and wielded as one would imagine the flail used to be in England, 'in the good old days.' Electric cars are now running.

On either side the street are stores, with open

doors and windows—rarely do you see a glass shop-window—and display of goods. If you would see what is for sale, you must enter and look around. There you will find articles of almost every description, with prices marked in Dutch, American, or English money, as the case may be.

The shopmen are English and American, with an admixture of black and coloured men. You can purchase almost anything, if you only have the 'wherewithal'—and will find yourself served with dispatch and civility. But don't ask for lump sugar, unless you are prepared to give one shilling and fourpence a pound for it. For though this is the land of sugar, it is not the land of 'lump.' Chemists' shops (which by the way are called 'doctors' shops') will be able to supply you with most of the much-advertised remedies for the cure of all the 'ills to which the flesh is heir,' with fancy soaps and perfumes for ladies.

As you walk along the streets you are sheltered from the sun's glare and heat by piazzas, a very necessary part of every store, when you remember you are only about seven degrees from the Equator.

About half-way down this long business street you come to the General Post Office, Reading-room, Library, and Museum, all in one big block, with a tall tower at one corner, on the summit of which is a flag-pole, on which is signalled the arrival of vessels as they enter the river from all parts of the world. Should you go to the Post Office as soon as you land, you will see business at its height, for 'the mail has come in.'

At the extreme end of Water Street is the

Lighthouse, near the mouth of the river, painted with red-and-white vertical stripes, and at night showing a dioptric revolving light, very brilliant and of great power, said to be visible twenty-eight miles away.

The Museum contains a magnificent collection of animals, reptiles, insects, minerals, pictures of the interior of the Colony, and curios of great interest—many of the reptiles being alive.

As you explore the city of Georgetown, you begin to understand why the people speak of it as 'The Magnificent Province.' The streets are mostly wide and straight, and laid out at right angles. Down the centre of many of them, and everywhere in town and country, are canals, used to carry off the surface water in the wet seasons and to prevent flooding. By means of sluices, or 'kokers,' as they are called, these are flushed by sea water from time to time and thus kept sweet. In many of them are to be seen, growing in great luxuriance, the magnificent 'Victoria Regia' lily—with large, round, turned-up leaves at the edge, many feet in diameter. The undersurface of these leaves is almost a flesh colour and honeycombed. The flowers of this wonderful plant are as large as fair-sized cabbages, and when they first open are almost a pure white changing in a few days to a delicate pink. On either side of these canals, in some instances, are strips of grass, about a yard wide, with gorgeous Ponsianna flowering trees interspersed every few yards.

On both sides of the street are beautiful residences embowered in gardens of tropical plants, some of which are a blaze of bloom all the year round.

The houses in Guiana are built of wood, and painted white or stone colour, 'picked out' in various tints. Every house stands on brick pillars, varying from two to twelve feet high, and on one or more sides is provided with verandahs. The windows are protected from the glare and heat of the sun by shutters. Underneath many of the larger houses the 'buggy' is stored, when not in use.

Georgetown has about forty-four miles of these delightful streets, and tramcars run along many of them to almost all parts of the city.

The roads are made of burnt mud. The 'metal' is provided by burning the mud in kilns—much after the same manner as bricks are burned in England. A layer of wood, a layer of mud, and so on, then set on fire, and, when burnt hard, it is ready for use. The reddish road forms a pretty contrast to the green of the plentiful tropical vegetation.

The Victoria Law Courts are a fine pile of buildings, mostly of wood and painted iron sheets; but the Town Hall is one of the prettiest structures in the Colony. It was designed by one Father Scholes, a Roman Catholic priest, and opened in 1888, the jubilee year of the emancipation of the slaves. It contains a fine auditorium, capable of seating about five hundred persons, and a splendid organ. In this building the annual meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society are held every year.

You are not long in the 'Land of Mud' before you see evidences of the presence of the Christian Church. Everywhere are handsome schools and churches, with spires and towers, seating, in many instances, a thousand people. In the clear light and at a distance, they resemble marble, but, alas! they are

only wood ; built and kept in repair at a tremendous cost. There is always something to be done to them ; for the great heat, the equally great humidity of the climate, and the ravages of ants, do their destructive work quickly ; but they are well preserved and not allowed to fall into decay.

Besides its fine streets, beautiful buildings and residences, Georgetown has its fashionable places of resort. The Botanical Gardens, the Promenade Garden, and the Sea Wall are all delightful. The Botanical Gardens form one of the finest tropical gardens in the world, both for recreation and instruction. They are situated at the back of the city, about three-quarters of a mile away, and occupy about one hundred and sixty acres, forming a parallelogram. The flower garden, as you enter the large iron gates, covers an area of about thirty to forty acres. The carriage-drive up the centre is broad and well kept, and on the left is a series of small lakes, joined together by narrow necks, and fed from one common source. They are well grown over, with nearly every species of beautiful water lily, beneath which alligators may often be seen disporting themselves.

On the other side are all kinds of flower beds and borders, with a drive twisting in and out from place to place ; beyond this flower garden is a most charming avenue of old Orinoque trees, with vines of all descriptions, climbing from tree to tree, in a real tropical fashion. This avenue is fully half a mile long, and as straight as an arrow, and is furnished on either side with rustic seats for gay lovers or the aged and the weary. A view through this wonderful avenue is a sight never to be forgotten.

The Promenade Garden is nearer the town, and is quite as magnificent, with its beautifully trimmed fence and arches. It is tastefully laid out, well kept, and full of fine trees and plants of almost every description. The first tree you see on entering is the wonderful Cannon-ball tree. It resembles a great ash, with its trunk hung round with big rusty-looking cannon balls. Near the centre is a very pretty fernery, which is pleasant and cool to see. The whole is a great delight, and almost baffles description.

The Sea Wall is part of the sea or land defence, and, used as a promenade, or pleasure resort, is broad enough to allow a carriage-and-pair to drive along. At high tide the land is sometimes several feet below the sea level, and so this wall is necessary to keep it back. Along it are placed seats, and at one end a shelter is provided, should it happen to rain ; for ' when it rains it pours.' On fine evenings scores of children can be seen, the very young in perambulators, whilst the older boys and girls are busy flying their kites. Ladies and gentlemen promenade the wall, or sit on the benches enjoying the sea breezes, and watching the vessels come and go, and maybe thinking, as the writer has often done, of the loved ones over the ocean, so far away.

The excellent Militia Band visits one of these three places every week, and plays selections from some of the best composers. Such is a faint picture of this ' Magnificent Province.'

CHAPTER III

SUNDAY MORNING IN GEORGETOWN

THE Sabbath is well kept in the 'Land of Mud.' Imagine what I have told you of this beautiful city; then think of the most delightful summer day you can remember; at the same time try to picture the clearest and bluest sky you ever saw, without the semblance of a cloud or speck upon it. All is as quiet and peaceful as it is beautiful; it is Sunday morning!

Sit in the shade of your verandah, and look out, between the hours of 8.30 and 9 o'clock, and see the children and young people as they go to Sunday school, 'all in their Sunday best'; and if you are anywhere within a hundred yards of the school, listen! and you will hear them sing—for all windows and doors are wide open.

How sweet it sounds!

> Children of Jerusalem,
> Sang the praise of Jesu's name;
> Children, too, of later days,
> Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
> Hark! while infant voices sing
> Loud hosannas to our King!

You almost forget you are in the 'Land of Mud,' five thousand miles from old England! You forget. nay, you never think those sweet singers have black

faces. You feel, as you never did before, that they are your brothers and sisters—children all of one Father, and redeemed by the precious blood of Him who ' loved the world.'

Soon the bells will begin to ring, and the streets be filled with worshippers on their way to the various churches. If you are going too, you had better get ready to be off, for the church will soon be filled. There they go ! The women dressed in white—with hymn-book and Bible wrapped in their white pocket-handkerchief in one hand and fan in the other ; the men in black, with umbrella, and if possible silk hat—the hat not always in the latest Bond Street fashion, but that is a matter of small importance to them. If we have to go far, we shall be obliged to take the light American buggy, drawn by a small horse—for English people cannot walk far in the ' Land of Mud ' ; but if we are within a few hundred yards the walk cannot do us any harm ; we will put up our umbrellas and go quietly.

We are there ! How lovely to see such a congregation ! How strange to watch scores of fans going ! and how gracefully they move them ! Will they bother the preacher ? No, he is used to them now, but at first he was near being mesmerized by them.

He gives out the opening hymn, the organist plays the tune, then we all rise to sing :

> Come, let us join with one accord,
> In hymns around the throne ;
> This is the day our rising Lord
> Hath made, and called His own.

We are in Trinity Wesleyan Church. A black lady presides at the big organ, and plays it well, and

a black choir leads the congregation. How they sing! You never heard such singing before, I dare say! These dwellers in the 'Land of Mud' know how to sing. What reverence! How they respond to the prayers! They all use Wesley's *Abridgement of the Form of Morning Prayer*. How the minister preaches! just as in old England. Why not? These black people can appreciate good preaching as well as the white. There are some little ones to be baptized. The congregation stands without being asked. You never heard a congregation in the 'Old Country' say 'Amen!' like that, after each of those beautiful prayers in the Baptismal service. How impressive!

Now the service is over, the streets are full once more; but soon the crowds melt away, to re-appear in the evening, and all is still and peaceful again.

Yes, these people believe in going to church; there are few 'half-timers' in the 'Land of Mud.'

Preaching is warm work in Guiana at the best of times; but should the minister have a 'bad time,' he is forcibly reminded of a Turkish bath. A young minister, newly arrived in the Colony, misunderstood the instructions to 'get light clothing,' and got 'light' in colour, instead of 'light' in weight. Preaching in Trinity Church one Sunday morning and feeling the heat very oppressive, he literally 'took off his coat to it,' causing great amusement to his congregation. To see a minister preaching in his shirt-sleeves was a new experience for them. Evidently the young preacher thought more of comfort than of appearances; but the action laid him open to so much good-natured teasing, he never repeated the experiment. Other ministers 'take

off their coat to it,' but, in its stead, don a light silk or alpaca gown, which is both pleasantly cool, and becoming in appearance.

We have Bands of Hope, Wesley Guilds, Junior Society classes, theological classes for local preachers, and class-meetings. I should like you to go to them all; anyhow, we will not miss the class. May be, you have often heard about class-meetings among the negroes, but you have never been to one.

There are many classes at Trinity Church, Georgetown, but few vestries. So they meet, half in the body of the church and half in the schoolroom. They all meet at one time. The minister appears on the scene as the hour strikes, and 'opens the classes' by giving out a hymn, and leading them in prayer; after which each class, with a leader at its head, arranges itself after the fashion of a Sunday school, as wide apart as possible.

How still and quiet everything is, considering what is going on! With subdued voices each meeting proceeds, prayer-meetings, old-fashioned testimony-meetings.

We will turn into this one; the leader is an old woman, but her class is mixed. She has been long on 'the way'; knows well how to counsel her members; and is not afraid to administer comfort, warning, or rebuke as the case may demand.

Listen! Another aged pilgrim is 'giving her experience'—a poor old widowed African woman, who in her young days knew something of slavery. 'I tank God dat I's still treading dis good ole way. I's many years now since I found Jesus—or, I tink I ought to say I didn't find Jesus at all, Jesus found me. I was a poor wandering sheep, but He

oto, W. H. Stephens & Co., Demerara.

Trinity Wesleyan Church.

[Face page 16.

is de Good Shepherd, and He brought me into His fold. I's getting near de end ob my journey now, and sometimes I feels tired and wants to go home to de dear ones on de odder side. Well, when ebber de time come, tank God! I's ready!'

A young man is now on his feet. 'I's not like my dear sister in de Lord, an ole Christian. I's sorry to say it ain't long since Jesus found me. I cannot say berry much; but my dear leader, I keeps prayin always dat de Lord would make me a stumblin-block to de debil.'

Then follows a poor unlettered saint. 'My dear Leader—brudders and sisters—I's glad to testify to de great goodness of my Blessed Master. I's bin on de ole way to heaben now for many years, and my determination is, fi go on and on in dis good ole way, till I reach "dat achin vide, de worl can nebber fill."'

No one smiles at the strange appropriation of the poet's words; everybody understands, and so do we!

Then we kneel in prayer, and the leader, in simple broken English, commends all her flock to the loving care of the Good Shepherd, and the class is over.

Yes, the prayer-meetings, too, are well attended, and some of the prayers are very quaint. Lines of poetry are often worked in, when the words only dimly, and in part, suggest appropriateness. When, in the old District Meeting days, the ministers had to travel from place to place by sea, to meet, before the days of the steampacket, the best they could do was a sloop, manned by a skipper who knew next to nothing of scientific navigation, but steered his craft by 'the rack of the eye,' and hoped for the best; and often after having been out at sea

for a few days (in more senses than one), he would sight land, only to find himself where he started.

So the church, in her prayer, remembered the preachers on the ocean; and one dear old soul pleaded 'dat de dear Lord would tak' care ob His sarbents, would gib de win's and waves charge ober dem, and

> Waft dem from shore to shore
> 'Till suns shall rise and set no more!'

CHAPTER IV

AMONG THE VILLAGES

MANY of the villages bear strange names, and one wonders what the origin of some of them could be.

'Rome' is a pretty village about two miles out of Georgetown. Surely, it could not have been so called because of its Roman Catholicism—for it had little or none; and yet there dwelt 'The Pope of Rome' (dear old Father Rogers), a negro gentleman and a saint. He was a comparatively unlettered man—the descendant of a slave, but never one himself—yet with all the instincts of a true gentleman. During my sojourn in the 'Land of Mud,' he was, I believe, the oldest local preacher and class-leader, if not member, in the Colony, being considerably over ninety.

In his younger days, 'Father Rogers' had been a powerful preacher; but when I knew him he was past preaching—calling himself 'a Supernumery.' I shall never forget hearing him lead his society-class one Sunday. He was 'a man of one book,' but that book was 'the book of all books,' the Bible. The spiritual insight into human nature and the Scriptures, and the great tenderness he showed in addressing his members, remain a precious memory to this day.

When considerably over ninety years of age, and very feeble, he heard that the pulpit in the church

was unsafe; the wooden pillars on which it stood had given way, and threatened to fall over and precipitate me to the Communion floor as I was preaching. He was a carpenter by trade; and without a word to any one, before I again visited the church the following week, he had completely repaired the pulpit and given it a coat of varnish.

'Father Rogers' was universally respected and beloved throughout the Georgetown Circuit; and when he passed to his rest, no doubt the gates of heaven opened wide to receive this grand old Christian gentleman. His memory is an inspiration and a delight.

Then there was the village of 'Mocha,' so called, possibly, after the famous coffee-growing place in Arabia, because of the coffee grown there at one time. A journey to Mocha was an experience for the young missionary. It lay about two miles from the highway, at the back of a sugar plantation on the east bank of the Demerara River, and about six miles from Georgetown. The buggy would drive the preacher to the residence of the sugar-planter, a Christian gentleman, who, though not a Methodist, 'showed us no little kindness.'

There, a mule was lent to us for the rest of the journey. We generally found him tethered to a cocoa-nut tree in the yard—saddled, and ready for starting, and looking very meek and mild. Missionaries are taught many useful things in the Theological College to fit them for their future work, but, at 'Dear old Didsbury,' there was no mule-back exercise—in my day. After examining the creature very carefully, and the harness, &c., and making sundry inquiries respecting his virtues, or

otherwise, I venture to get into the saddle, and arrange all my paraphernalia—books, umbrella, bag, &c. The cord is then loosed, and the mule is kindly told to go. Sometimes he does not seem quite to understand, and remains as if asleep. At other times he turns round and round and round, then kicks up his heels and whinnies. A touch of the whip sets him off at a fearful gallop, and you enter, at lightning speed, the narrow path leading to the village, with a creek on one side, and a canal on the other.

The path is rough, and sometimes very muddy after rain.

Splash! Splash! Splash!
Weigh! O! Weigh! O!

The 'belly-band' is giving way, and the saddle suggests turning over, and the rider with it! After much pulling and tugging at the reins, and weighing and coaxing—or, perhaps because he is out of breath, and it suits his lordship—he stops, and the rider carefully dismounts, to tighten the offending band; when, without a moment's warning, Mr. Mule recovers his breath, or a bright idea enters his stupid head concerning his peaceful stable, and he suddenly turns round, bolts home again for all he is worth, and the poor preacher is left to trudge the rest of the journey, in and out of the village, through mud and blazing sun.

One experience remains fresh in the writer's memory, of a strange journey out of this village of Mocha. I had preached, met the classes, given the Sacrament, baptized the babies, and held a Leaders' meeting. In my bag lay the month's collections—a pound or two in coppers. This bag was slung over my shoulder, schoolboy fashion. I mounted my

steed, which had been resting for some considerable time under the shade of a friendly palm. All went well for a while, when the beast took it into his head that he must get home as quickly as his legs could carry him. An unlucky plunge pitched me forward towards his head, which I embraced most affectionately a moment later. The tremendous jolting caused me to lose my balance, and slip underneath the animal's neck, the money bag at the same time slipping round my own, and, dangling down with its weight of coppers, it threatened to choke me.

I held on for dear life, not being able to speak. The creature seemed to think all was well, as I said nothing; and so he carried me until he got tired of my new position, and stopped!

How I looked I cannot tell, but I have a distinct recollection of how I felt.

> And are we yet alive
> And see each other's face!

I would give much for a cinematograph film, or even a 'snap-shot' of that ride. I think it beats 'John Gilpin'!

In this village of Mocha lived another old Christian, 'Father Beccles,' as he was affectionately called. For nearly forty years he was a local preacher and a class-leader, and for many years the day and Sunday school and church-keeper (it was all one building). He cleaned the place, trimmed the lamps, whitewashed the interior, and often painted and repaired the exterior, and for a great number of years conducted divine worship every Sunday evening—for we could not send preachers into Mocha at night;

and for all these services never took one penny of remuneration. It was 'a labour of love.' This old man was a baker by trade. He had been a slave in his younger days (so I understood him to say), and though he had been 'perpetual curate' of Mocha so long, he could neither read nor write a word.

One day I asked him, 'How do you manage, Father Beccles, to get through the hymns and lessons when you are conducting service, seeing you cannot read?'

He smiled and said: 'You are not de fuss, sah, dat ask me dat question'; then he proceeded to explain, 'You see, sah, in my young days dar was no eddication; but, when freedom come, and I had a son, I was determined he should get some larnin', sah, and he can read and write well. I gets him to read de hymns and Bible until I knows dem off by 'eart—den I 'cites dem in de pulpit.'

It was strange to see him open the book at or near the beginning, and read the verses of a hymn near the end—and to hear him read a chapter in Genesis from the Book of Psalms—but he could do it.

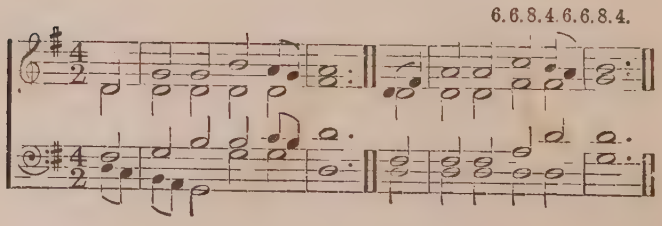
'Father Beccles' had a wonderful memory, and when I knew him, he was a kind of walking Bible and hymn-book. He was an eloquent speaker, frequently using words and phrases quite original. Often have I thought, 'had he been educated, what a black Demosthenes he would have made!' Perhaps some of my readers think it would have spoiled him. Maybe so!

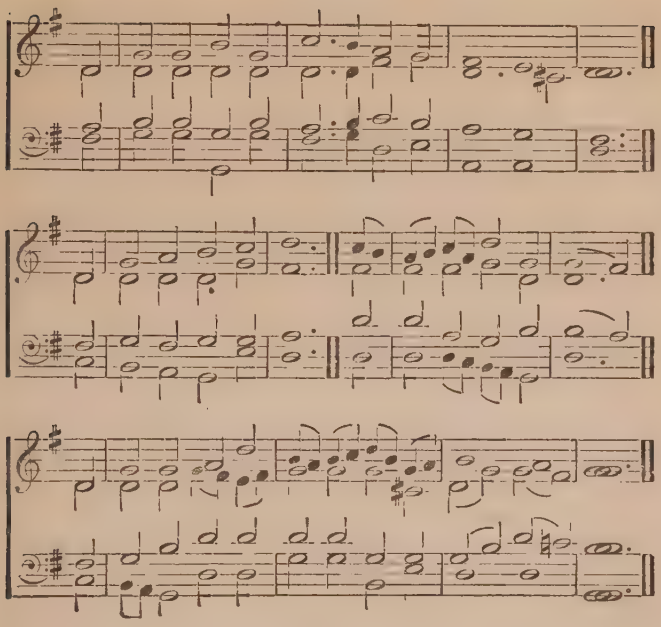
He died while I was his minister, being 'called home' rather suddenly; I buried him one beautiful Sabbath day about noon. Never shall I forget it. It was a sad journey into Mocha that day, when I

went to conduct his funeral service. The whole village came out to see the last of ' Father Beccles.' It never looked like the same Mocha to me after he went ' Home.' We buried him, at his own request, and by special permission, at the foot of the steps leading into the church he loved so well, and for which he had done so much, but, which ' henceforth would know him no more for ever.'

What I said about our dead friend, I have not the remotest idea. I know I wept, and all the people did the same. It took many to fill ' Father Beccles' ' place.

Before leaving this quaint, out-of-the-way village, I should like to say that here—and here only—I heard a tune sung to the hymn, ' The God of Abraham praise,' which, I think, deserves to be more widely known. Their fondness for it—the swinging and yet pathetic music—caused me to ask for the tune elsewhere in the Colony, but it was only known in Mocha. They knew not its name, nor who taught it to them. All they could say was they had known it ' a *long* time.' On my return to England, a friend wrote it in music for me,—and here it is—for what you may think it is worth, dear reader. It is now sung in a few churches in this country. I have called it ' *Mocha.*'





Some two miles beyond the road that leads into Mocha there is another village called 'Diamond,' where we have a little church. Crossing the Demerara River to the west bank, there are three more village churches (Goed Fortuin, Nismes, and Sisters) with three others, some twelve miles up the river, called the 'River Stations,' and one just outside the city, called 'Kitty.' These already named, with the three City churches (Trinity, Kingston, and Bedford), and the East Indian Mission Church at Bourda, constituted the Georgetown Circuit of my day.

Before closing this chapter, let me relate a beautiful story of another old African at Goed Fortuin, on

the west bank. One of my colleagues and I were holding a missionary meeting. It was about half an hour before the time to begin, and we were sitting at a table, emptying the boxes, and preparing a programme. This dear old man walked in carrying a small brown paper parcel in one hand and his hat in the other. Putting down the little bundle of brown paper on the table, he said: 'Dare! dat is my scription!' On opening it, out fell a five-dollar bank-note (20*s.* 10*d.*). He was well known to both of us, as also were his circumstances. He was a kind of market-gardener on a small scale—a leader in the church and an 'exhorter' on the Plan. Holding up the five-dollar note, we said: 'Look here, Father B——, you cannot afford all this!'

We didn't like the thought of taking so much from one so poor. It must have represented the savings of many weeks, if not months.

'O yes, I can afford it, sah, I's saved it on pupose to give to de cause'—and he insisted on our accepting every penny.

Seeing he was so determined, we asked him why he had striven to bring so large a sum. 'Well,' said he, 'isn't dar a rule dat all 'scribers ob a guinea get gibben a big Report?'

'Yes, that is quite so,' we answered. 'But why are you so anxious to have a large Report?' And with tears in the old man's eyes, he told us the following story:

'When I was a boy, sah, about so big'—indicating the height of a child about seven or eight years of age with his hand—'I was taken from my home in Lagos, in Western Africa, and brought to dis country. It was in de slabe time, sah; and I was sold

to a planter, for a slabe. When freedom come, I attended de Metodis' church, and dare I heard de Gospel ob de lub of God, and foun' salbation. Berry soon after, I became a member ; den I exhort, den dey make me a leader, and I hab been doing my bes' ebber since ; but from dat day to dis I hab nebber seen nor heard anyting ob my parents or brudders and sisters ; and I hab often wondered, sah, how des getting on ober dare, and ib de gospel hab been carried to dem. When all at once, sah, I tink ob de report, and wonder ib I could read anyting 'bout Lagos ! '

We were both deeply touched at the old man's story, and assuring him that they had received in Lagos the same gospel that he had heard, we took up the Report and read to him the story of our splendid and successful missions in Western Africa.

The old negro's heart was full—and he was greatly comforted. ' How long hab dey had missionaries in Lagos ? ' he asked. Then pausing a moment, while we answered his question, he went on thoughtfully, ' I should tink dey would be in time.'

He took his seat in the meeting, which was ready to begin. In due course he received his ' big Report.' Since then he must have met his long-lost loved ones in the Better Land.

Such experiences are the abiding joy of a missionary's heart.

CHAPTER V

A RIVER JOURNEY

'THE River Stations' constituted the most romantic part of our missionary work in the Georgetown Circuit, and were invariably in charge of the junior minister. Being difficult of access, they were only visited once a month, and always on a Monday—that being the negroes' free day. Each journey had to be most carefully planned and carried out. The moons and tides had to be considered, as both were necessary to a successful visit—the rising tide to carry us up, the falling tide to bring us home, and the moon to light our way. When all these things were favourably arranged, a letter was dispatched to the Society stewards, and they made all necessary arrangements at the other end.

On the Sunday night previous to the proposed visit, on the falling tide, three or four strong men would come down the river in a batteau (a kind of cross between a rowing-boat and a canoe). When within about four or five miles from the city they would turn into the creek leading into the village of Mocha from the river, cast anchor, make themselves as comfortable as they could, and sleep, if possible, till the preacher's arrival. The minister, after his Sabbath's work in the city, would pack his box with sandwiches, bread-and-butter, biscuits, and cold tea, arrange for his buggy to be ready, and

his groom to awake him about three o'clock in the morning; then turn into bed, and get all the rest he could.

At three he must get up and dress, and gather together all his outfit: mackintosh for the dew, which at night is often heavy enough to wet one through in a short time; goggles to protect his eyes from the glare of the river in the day; his large pith helmet to keep his head cool, not forgetting his umbrella and box. Seated in the buggy, he drives through the dark and silent streets and country roads to the creek. On arriving, he calls for the men and the batteau. These are soon at the spot, with a lighted lantern, and everything needful is carefully transhipped. Then, he takes his seat, which is so low that his knees come into uncomfortable proximity to his chin, and his back assumes the shape of the letter D.

If he is a new minister, he is respectfully advised to sit very still, as the boat top is only a few inches from the water's edge, and should there be an accident, the probability—or rather certainty—is, none of the crew would get out of the water alive, or even dead. The tide runs fast, it is dark, and the river is infested with devil fish, alligators, and other unmentionable creatures that one would rather read about than encounter. When all is ready, the spoonlike paddles begin to move, and we are off. The whole scene is weird in the extreme.

About six o'clock the sun quickly rises, and the scene is changed! Hugging the side, the paddlers make good progress, and before the first station is reached one is reminded of the bone in his back,

and ' his latter end ' ; and it is with a sense of great relief that he hears ' we shall soon be dere now.'

The first station is called ' Supply.' Before our arrival, our approach has been seen, the church bell has been rung, and our congregation has assembled. A board is brought and put on to the muddy embankment, upon which we carefully walk ashore, straighten our backs, and prepare for service.

The church is a wooden structure, capable of seating about one hundred and fifty persons—within a few yards of the river's bank. The whole village is out, for ' the minister is come '—all the babies born since our last visit are brought for baptism. After preaching comes the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Leaders' meeting, then a hurried mouthful of breakfast, for the tide is rising fast, and as it ' won't wait for any man,' and there are two more stations to be visited ere it turns, no time is to be lost.

I shall not soon forget my first visit to Supply. A fine African in the prime of life walked in just as the service was about to begin, with a large hymn-book under his arm, and introduced himself to me as ' de leadin' singar.' I gave him the numbers of the hymns to be sung, and he took his seat right before the pulpit ; and when I announced the verse, he opened his mouth, and began to sing. For a line or two no one seemed to recognize the tune, but ultimately the problem was solved and all joined in. He *was* ' the leading singer,' for with such a mighty voice, seeming to come from somewhere beneath the floor of the church, it was impossible to do anything else than follow. My friend was undoubtedly fond of music, and used his talent to the best of his ability ;

but he was something of a trial to me, for his appearance and voice gave me an almost irresistible desire to laugh, which, of course, would have been quite out of place. At that service the collection was taken in a cocoanut shell, with a stick pushed through a hole in the side for a handle. I brought it home with me, and it is in my study to-day. What memories that modest shell brings back to me, and how eloquently it pleads for those simple Methodists up that lonely river! I have never seen such a collecting-box, either before or since! The African race, like the rest of us, practise the proverb 'necessity is the mother of invention.'

But we must get back to the boat. Once more we are seated in our craft, and off we go as fast as tide and paddles can carry us. I look around, and am filled with wonder at the sight. The mighty river, flowing on in its majesty, from the great mysterious unknown interior to the equally mysterious ocean beyond; the distant bank on the other side; the water and all around full of life—abounding life; the graceful palms, in all their glory, and other tropical trees and plants, festooned by vines and creepers in bewildering profusion;—and I say, surely it must have been of this land that Bishop Heber sang:

> From many an ancient river,
> From many a palmy plain,
> They call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain.

In a short time we are at 'Coverden,' our next station. Here lived a simple but most devoted exhorter named Green. He earned his livelihood

by growing fruit and vegetables, which once a week he would bring down in his little boat to Georgetown market. It being impossible to send preachers from the rest of the circuit to these little churches, he acted as 'Bishop' of these river stations. This meant a tremendous amount of labour and self-sacrifice, of which he never seemed to be conscious. The hour of divine worship at these churches varied every Sabbath according to the tides, for he could only go and return by the help of their rising and falling. In his own little boat he would set out, sometimes as early as sunrise, to go to his 'appointments,' and be away from home practically all day.

He was very cheerful and happy, and never conscious that anything he did for the Lord Jesus Christ was heroic. He was very fond of the Book of Revelation, and often 'held forth' from those mystical texts to be found there.

'Well, Brother Green,' said I one day, 'what did you preach about yesterday?'

'O, sah, I preach from Rebelation, de six chapter and de second verse: "And I saw and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer!"'

'And did you have a good time?' I inquired.

'Berry good!' was his reply. 'I's be berry fond ob de Rebelation. De odder Sunday I preach 'bout de red hoss and de black hoss.'

I did not ask him for an outline of his discourse, or without doubt he would willingly have given it to me.

Our programme when we arrived at Coverden

went over the same ground as that at Supply: Preaching, Lord's Supper, Baptism, Leaders' Meeting. But we have a very different building in which to worship. The ground is cleared of bush, a number of posts are driven into the mud, the sides and ends are left open, the top is covered with troolie palm leaves, which make a capital and cool thatch. There is a table at one end, which serves as pulpit, on which is spread a clean white cloth, with Bible and hymn-book upon it, and a basin filled with water for baptisms.

The pews? Well, yes! there are pews of a kind; but such pews as theirs will never be popular in this country. They are soon described: trunks of straight palm-trees, with the bark stripped off—as slippery as glass with use; no backs, not even a place where you may rest your book. Unfortunate pews for sleepers! Should the sermon be long or dull, or the hearer heavy, and wish to take a nod, the result would inevitably be—a somersault!

The following may act as a warning to those who are tempted to indulge in the pastime of sleeping in church. About two o'clock one Monday morning I was roused from my slumbers by the awful cries of some one inside Trinity Church. My bedroom windows looked towards the side of the church, about twenty yards away. Leaping from my bed, I gazed out of the window, wondering what it could mean. The next morning I learned that some one had fallen asleep during service the previous evening, and, being unobserved, had been locked in. The sleeper slept soundly until the small hours of the morning, when he awoke, and discovering his whereabouts, was so terrified that he literally bellowed

loud enough to wake the church-keeper, who, in no little fear himself, hurried to let him out.

The wonderful pews may be one reason why we have no sleepy hearers at Coverden, and a good spiritual appetite may be another. Though the temple is rude, it is the 'Temple of God, and the gate of heaven' to those simple and happy souls who worship there, 'Far from the madding crowd.'

The sacrament over, and kind inquiries and consultations about the work and everything and everybody else having been attended to, we take to the boat again, and make off to 'Soesdyke,' our next station, for the tide will turn in little over an hour.

The church at Soesdyke had grown 'worse for wear,' and a slight storm had brought it to the ground. There at our feet lay the bell which called the people to worship. We hastily hung it in the branches of a mango-tree close by, by means of a little rope; and soon we were all assembled round the ruin. We held the service that day under the tree in which the bell was hung, exhorting them not to be discouraged, for though the church which had done such good service had fallen down, God lived, and His word abided; and, like brave Nehemiah, they must set to work and rebuild the walls of their little Jerusalem. We had a good time, and there they resolved to rebuild without delay; and on our next visit, we dedicated the new little sanctuary.

There were no sacraments nor a Leaders' Meeting at Soesdyke that day; so, after a few words of farewell, we resumed our seats in the batteau, for the tide had turned. Every available inch of the craft was filled with fruit—oranges, bananas, pines,

water-lemons, mangoés—the grateful gifts of the people 'to de ministah.'

As we paddle our way home on the falling tide we beguile the hours with song. 'Jesu, Lover of my soul' and 'Rock of Ages' are great favourites, and so are some of Sankey's hymns.

Anything more romantic, and at the same time awfully grand, than this journey home down the Demerara I have never experienced. At six o'clock the sun drops behind the horizon; but the silvery moon takes its place, and is so bright as quite to light up the scene.

On our way home, we must pass 'Jumbi Island,' as the natives call it, because executed criminals were at one time buried there. ('Jumbi' or 'Duppy' is the name for ghost.) Many are superstitiously afraid of passing that lonely island at night, but we are not afraid! we go past singing:

> Jesus, the name high over all,
> In hell or earth or sky,
> Angels and men before it fall,
> And devils fear and fly!

And though at times we have been quite near, yet no 'Jumbi' have we ever seen.

We are now back at the creek. The buggy has returned for me, and I tranship. My friends the oarsmen cast anchor once more, to await the flowing tide, during the early hours of the following morning, when they will get back to their home and employment. They have been on duty from Sunday evening until Tuesday morning, and slept two nights in a batteau, that they may have a ministerial visit.

After that you will not ask how these people

appreciate our services, nor what is their attitude to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Where should we have to look at home for anything to match that?

In an hour I am home again. It is bed time, and one is tired. So no time is lost in getting under the mosquito net, and, if one is not *too* tired, falling into a deep slumber, without even a dream of home.

CHAPTER VI

'HINTERLAND'

FOR a while let us leave work in Guiana, and see what there is lying behind this bank of mud, in the 'hinterland' of this wonderful country. Beginning at the sea coast, the alluvial strip, upon which practically all the people live except the Indians, is as flat as possible, and before the Dutch took it in hand was nothing better than a mangrove swamp in front and a morass behind. At present, and for many years past, only a very narrow portion of this fertile coast, about three miles wide, and about ten miles along the banks of one or two of the rivers, is under cultivation. It is said that at various times in the past, the whole of the coast line, as well as the banks of the rivers, as far as from fifty to a hundred miles inland, have been cultivated, but there are no signs of this to-day.

Behind this mere fringe of sugar plantations along the coast, there lie swamps, almost choked with tall grass-like plants. The soil of these swamps is of a peaty nature, and is called 'pegass.' Here and there are rather large patches of sand, on which a few trees and bushes, by striking their roots deep into the cool soil below, manage to exist, with great clumps of the beautiful Etna Palm.

About twenty miles from the coast is the white sand beach of long ages ago. This is called by the

Caribs the 'Mourie,' and extends for a great number of miles. It is pure sand, washed and bleached by rain and sun until it is almost as white as driven snow, and is painful to look at in its glary brightness. The bare-footed Indian makes himself a pair of bark shoes when he wishes to cross the 'Mourie,' the sand being too hot even for his horny feet. In this neighbourhood the pineapple grows to great perfection, as does also the Krattee or Pita hemp. Undoubtedly these are relics of some Indian settlement of long ago. Between the sand reefs are small streams of water, and here are lovely ferns, with a thousand other forms of vegetable life, making an almost impenetrable jungle, beyond which can be seen some of the mightiest forests in the world.

Journeying into the interior from the 'Mourie,' or sand reef, which marks the limit of the mud bank, we find a gradual rise of ground, with hills and dales, and rocks interspersed among the broad savannahs. Travelling into the hinterland by the rivers is more or less dangerous. At distances from fifty to two hundred miles from the sea, one's path is obstructed by granite rocks and tremendous boulders, causing rapids, falls, and cataracts, which render navigation very difficult, and are no doubt a great factor in retarding the development of the timber and gold industries. In negotiating these rapids, boats have to be unloaded and, in some instances, hauled over these dangerous places; while in coming down, 'shooting the rapids,' as it is called, has often proved disastrous.

These falls in the rivers, and many others in the Colony, are exceedingly beautiful, set, as they are, in primaeval forest and immense boulders of blackened

stone, which form a contrast to the cream-like foam, as it rushes in and out, then over, into the deep below; making a picture both wild and grand. Added to the beauty of the whole, at times a naked Indian may be seen, bow in hand, ready to shoot the large fish that lie in the deep pools.

The most wonderful and charming waterfall known in the Colony is without a doubt the 'Kaieteur,' or 'Old Man's Fall,' in the Potaro river, a tributary of the Essequibo. From the height of seven hundred and forty-one feet, a volume of water four hundred feet in width falls straight into a basin below, then proceeds on its course, in a series of rapids, for another eighty feet—making a great roaring sound, that can be heard in the stillness for many miles. The rocks in these regions are of sandstone, worn and weather-beaten and eaten into holes, which are filled with lovely ferns and mosses. The great difficulties in the way of reaching these falls render this most magnificent sight almost impossible. Very few persons have beheld it.

Let me give you a description of the wonderful sight, in the words of Sir Everard im Thurn, K.C.M.G., at one time curator of the museum in British Guiana, who visited the fall for a second time in the year 1879.

'Crossing the savannah and coming to the edge of the cliff over which the Potaro falls, we once more lay down—bodies along the top of the cliff, heads over its edge. It was a very different scene from the last time. Then it was beautiful and terrible, but now it was something it is useless to try to describe. Then, a narrow river, not a third of its present width, fell over the cliff in a column of white water,

and was brought to a startling prominence by the darkness of the great cave behind, and this column of water, before it reached the small, black pool below, had narrowed to a point. Now, an indescribable, almost inconceivable, vast curtain of water—I can find no other phrase—some four hundred feet in width, rolled over the top of the cliff, retaining its full width until it crashed into the boiling water of the pool, which filled the whole space below; and of the surface of this pool itself only the outer edge was visible, for the greater part was beaten and hurled up, in a great high mass of surf and foam and spray.'

The Tumatamari Falls, in the same river, are only a little less grand.

In the interior there are two great parallel mountain systems, crossing the Colony from east to west. About the only thing that is known of some of these is their almost unpronounceable names. The greater of these two mountain systems is known as the Pacaraima and Merumé Mountains, and the lesser is called the Canucu Camucumu and Coratamung Mountains.

The most remarkable chain of mountains is that of which Roraima is the loftiest and most wonderful. It reaches an altitude of six thousand feet above the sea level. It is of sandstone, and stands like a mammoth castle with perpendicular cliffs and battlements on every side, from the top of which pour numerous cascades, breaking into mist before they reach the slope below. Roraima is so difficult of access that at one time to reach the summit was regarded as impossible. The top is about two thousand feet above the wooded slopes of the base. In 1884, however, Sir Everard

(then Mr.) im Thurn found a path by which he scaled the top, by means of ledges, and the bed of a stream, which had to be cleared of its dense mass of growth. After a toilsome and dangerous climb he reached the summit, for which he was rewarded with a scene probably unequalled in the world.

The sandstone at the top has been much worn by the forces of nature, in such a remarkable manner that rocks and boulders presented most fantastic shapes. Great pillars stand on slender points, looking ready to topple over at the slightest touch. Pyramids, irregular cubes, flat tables, lie about in all directions, obstructing the view. Besides these, were numerous large holes filled with water, resembling miniature lakes, from which proceeded meandering streams. These were kept full and overflowing by almost constant rains.

In 1891 two gentlemen spent a night on the summit, and found it rather cold after the tropical heat below. Having fixed upon a place of encampment, with the scanty store they had been able to bring with them, they wandered through the maze and lost their way, and only by mere accident found their encampment after nightfall. The plateau at the top of the Roraima is estimated at eight miles long, by four miles broad.

Up to the time of my leaving the colony only Roraima, in this remarkable chain of mountains, had been ascended, and that by only two or three persons, on account of the immense trouble, expense, and danger of the journey, which takes two or three months to accomplish.

The Comuti or Taquiari Mountains are so called because they resemble a gigantic water-jar. Here

upon a large granite block are some wonderful inscriptions or picture writings. They are the only relics of antiquity, and are called by the Indians 'Timehri.' Much mystery surrounds these strange writings. How were they inscribed? (seeing the inhabitants had no implements other than stone when the country was first discovered); by whom were they done? and why? These are questions no one is able to answer. They give rise to various speculations. Similar inscriptions are found in many other places over the Colony.

Dr. Schomburgk says: 'I have myself traced these inscriptions through seven hundred miles of longitude and five hundred miles of latitude. I have copied many of them; and although they do not denote an advanced state of civilization, in my opinion they have a higher origin and signification than that generally ascribed to them, namely, the idle tracings of hunting nations.'

They consist of rude pictures of boats, ships on the sea, birds, men, animals, reptiles, the sun, and other objects which cannot be identified. Maybe they are the work of some extinct tribe, and are commemorative; but nobody knows. The Indians of the present day regard them with superstitious awe and dread, and when passing, go through the strange performance of squirting pepper-juice into their eyes, as if to prevent some evil happening to them from the sight.

The interior of this wonderful land is everywhere suggestive of vastness, grandeur, variety, loneliness, mystery!

Many years ago, undoubtedly, the climate of Guiana was not very healthy, on account of the

heat, the tremendous rainfall (from seventy to a hundred and thirty inches per annum, the average in England being about forty inches), and the want of good sanitation. Fearful outbreaks of deadly yellow fever about sixty or seventy years ago gave the climate of Guiana a very bad name. But to-day the place is by no means insalubrious. Many Europeans live and work there for thirty or forty years, with only one or two short breaks, in splendid health.

There is scarcely a more uniform climate in the world than in Guiana, the mean temperature being about 82 degrees. Even the night shows but little variation, save for the absence of the intense glare of the sun. The rains considerably cool the earth, and cause an invariable and luxuriant vegetation, so that there is seldom or never that dry appearance which intensifies so much the feeling of tropical heat. Again, near the coast there are the cool sea breezes, which blow all over the city, and through the open dwellings, making every place very pleasant even on the hottest of days.

The only change of season is from wet to dry. It is generally considered that there are two rainy and two dry seasons in the year. But sometimes they are not very pronounced; like the seasons at home, one seems to merge into the other. It is a mistake to suppose that in the wet season it is raining incessantly; a day seldom passes without some fair weather and sunshine. The warm and moist atmosphere of Guiana is well adapted to incipient consumption, and even in more advanced stages, there is little doubt life would be prolonged in the Colony. Guiana is particularly fortunate in

its freedom from hurricanes, tidal waves, volcanoes, and earthquakes. Sometimes one feels a slight shock of earthquake, but it rarely if ever does any damage to either property or life.

The diseases most common among Europeans are malarial fevers and dysentery. Of recent years, however, the drainage and general sanitation of the Colony have been brought to such a state of perfection that these dangers are reduced to a minimum. In all my stay in the 'Land of Mud,' I only heard of one case of 'Yellow Jack,' as it is called. The authorities looked as smartly to it as they do in our own land when a case of smallpox is heard of. It proved to be a false alarm. The death-rate is rather high, being about thirty-five per thousand. This is largely accounted for by the great mortality amongst negro infants. Once let a negro survive infancy, he stands an excellent chance of living to a ripe old age. It is by no means an uncommon thing to meet those claiming to be near, or over, a century old.

CHAPTER VII

FLORA AND FAUNA

My readers will already have gathered some idea of this subject from the preceding pages; but the flora and fauna of British Guiana, owing to their marvellous character, deserve a more extended and separate treatment, and when we have finished we shall only have touched the fringe of them. Perhaps there is no place in the world that can be said to surpass this 'Land of Mud' in the variety and wonder of its vegetable and animal life. The two great features of all vegetation in Guiana are height and size. Almost every plant and flower is a giant of its kind, and seems to have entered a conspiracy to exceed and outgrow its neighbour. Guiana is the 'happy hunting-ground' of the botanist and naturalist. I doubt if there are to be found in any part of the world such sugar-canes as grow on this bed of mud, and this no doubt accounts for the world-wide fame of 'Demerara crystals.'

Palms—that Charles Kingsley went into raptures about when he visited the tropics—grow here to perfection. Kingsley remarks: 'Nature seems to lavish all her beauty upon palms.' 'For,' says he, 'it is a joy for ever, and a sight never to be forgotten, to have once seen palms; like a Greek statue in a luxurious drawing-room . . . so stands the

palm in the forest, to be worshipped rather than to be loved.'

The forests of Guiana are among the wonders of the world—vast, impenetrable, unknown! There are trees of the most valuable kind, greenheart, box, cedar, letterwood, pine, and others in infinite number and variety, standing side by side, straining to get to the top, to obtain a greater share of the sun, which, though so plentiful, is all too little for them all, until their branches interlace so far above the ground that it is impossible to tell to which trunk they belong. While from the soil there rise innumerable vines and bush-ropes, which drape and festoon them, with a grace no artist could excel, until the very light of heaven is shut out, and all within is dark as night. These bush-ropes, so called by the wood-cutters on account of their being used for hauling out heavy timber, hang like giant snakes, nearly as thick as a man's body, or form miniature staircases for the convenience of the monkey tribe, or are twisted like mammoth cork-screws round the gigantic trees. Often uprooted trees are prevented from falling by these amazing cables of nature. These overgrowths in the end sometimes smother the very trees which have sustained them. From all this, withered flowers and fruits fall from time to time, scattering their seeds in every direction, to grow where there is the smallest possible chance.

Through these mighty forests there flow innumerable streams and rivulets, watering their roots and feeding their life. Lilies of many kinds mark the watercourses; but the 'magnificent Victoria Regia,' already referred to in a previous chapter, is

the queen of them all.' It was discovered by Sir R. Schomburgk in the Berbice River in the year 1837; but has since been distributed to all parts of the world. A fair specimen of it may be seen in Kew Gardens. Of this wonderful plant, Schomburgk says: 'It appears as if the productive powers of nature, on receding from the Poles, had collected themselves in their greatest strength near the Equator, spreading their gifts with open hand, rendering every scene more imposing and majestic and manifesting the abundant fertility of the soil. . . . Nature, as if not satisfied with the soil allotted to her, richly decorates the limbs and trunks of trees, the stones and rocks. Even the surface of the water is covered with a carpet of plants, interspersed by magnificent flowers. Nothing can give a better idea of the luxuriance and richness of vegetation in Guiana than the splendid "Victoria Regia," the most beautiful specimen of the flora of the Western Hemisphere.'

Orchids are found in profusion everywhere, beyond the cultivated districts—growing on trees, bases of palm leaves, sand reefs, in the wonderful savannahs, on rocks, and in the mountain regions; and they range from an inch to several feet high, with flower stems twelve feet long.

Ferns, crotons, and flowering shrubs abound, beyond the power of the pen to describe. Dr. Richard Schomburgk called Guiana the 'Botanical El Dorado'; and when, accompanied by his brother, he visited the Kaieteur, he says of what he saw: 'My eyes were dazzled by the splendour of the fresh green and the brilliantly coloured flowers of the herbaceous plants on this plain, while the air

was impregnated with delightful fragrance. I fancied myself in a magic garden—such a display of colours, such a variety, on so small a space, having been hitherto unknown to me. There were so many new objects that I was unable to give attention to one plant for even a single minute. My feelings overcame me, and my heart was jubilant with rapture and delight. All the troubles I had gone through to reach this " El Dorado " were forgotten ; and even the future with its fears yielded to the over-happy present.'

The ' Land of Mud ' is the home of the gigantic Ceiba, or silk-cotton-tree, around which much superstition clings, of which we shall speak in another place. We may also briefly refer to—

The Sand-box tree, with its beautifully shaped fruit, full of large flat seeds, which, when fully ripe, go off with a great bang !—scattering the fragments for scores of yards in every direction.

The Breadfruit tree, brought from the South Sea Islands, in the days of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, resembles the crumb of a newly-baked loaf when boiled and stripped of its outer skin. It is very nice eaten with gravy, or as a vegetable.

> The Breadfruit tree without the ploughshare yields
> The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,
> And bakes its unadulterated loaves
> Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
> And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
> A priceless market for the gathering guest.

Then there are the Tamarind, so useful for medicinal purposes ; the Mango, of which a famous chutney is made, and which is so luscious a fruit

Snake Nuts and Carib Club.

[Face page 49.

that Froude says 'It should be eaten sitting in a bath'; Rose-apples, Mammie-apples, Custard-apples, Star-apples, West Indian pears (very much resembling, from without, gigantic English pears, with a thick tough outer skin, and round hard stone in the centre, between which is a layer of firm yellow substance, very delicious eaten with pepper and salt to bread-and-butter); the Sappodilla, Orange, Lime-fruit, Guavas (from which an excellent jelly is made), Shaddocks or Grape-fruit (a large species of orange), Pineapples, Waterlemons (which grow on the surface of the water, and are very delightful and cooling), Bananas, Plantains, Yams, Sweet-potatoes, Cassava, Peppers or Capsicums, Cocoanuts, Sawarri-nuts (a kind of giant Brazil nut), Snake-nuts, which when broken contain a coiled-up kernel, strangely resembling a miniature snake (not to be eaten). See the sketch drawn from nuts in my possession. It is the natural size.

But what is the use of attempting an enumeration and description? It is only endeavouring the impossible, and when you have done your best, you find the subject practically exhaustless.

The same might be said of the fauna of Guiana. There is scarcely anything like it to be found in any other country, many of the families being quite peculiar to this part of the world.

Among the mammals of the Colony are to be named Sloths, Armadillos, Tapirs, Ant-eaters, Peccaries (wild hogs), Cavies, Ringtail-monkeys, &c., some of which live in trees, while others burrow in the ground. In the forests there are few large animals. Sometimes there may be seen a pack of bush-hogs or peccaries, a deer, a tapir, or a jaguar. The last

named is the South American tiger. It varies in size from a little bigger than a cat to the dimensions of a Bengal tiger. This animal is very shy, and rarely ever dangerous to man, unless at bay. Its footprints may sometimes be traced on the 'Mourie,' or it may be seen in the branches of an overhanging tree, or swimming a river. It seldom invades the inhabited parts of the Colony, and only then to steal a goat or sheep.

I stayed with a planter one evening who had just shot a beautiful jaguar and her cub. From time to time he had missed his sheep; and, growing suspicious of the thief, he digged a deep hole leading to the pen, covered the top with leaves, and watched. After a time he heard a crash and a fall, then a cry of fear. Running to the hole he found both mother and cub below. The thieves were soon tried, condemned, and executed, and the skins were adorning the room in which we sat.

Though there are no large apes or gorillas, there are some interesting species of the monkey tribe: the Red-howling-monkey, whose loud roar is one of the peculiar sounds of the forest, is esteemed very good food. There are also little golden-green Squirrel-monkeys, or Sackiwinkis; the long-tailed Spider-monkeys, Marmosets, and the bushy-haired grey and black Huruas. Many of these pretty little creatures are kept as pets by the inhabitants, and are most interesting and amusing. They are seldom seen near the coast, but are very plentiful in the interior, often congregating in large numbers; when frightened, they swing themselves from tree to tree, and soon disappear from view.

Bats are very numerous, being found everywhere.

They mostly live on insects and fruit, and infest old buildings. In the country they often take possession of the ceilings of our churches, and are a great nuisance, giving off a pungent and suffocating odour. Not infrequently, prickly bushes have to be hung from the ceiling to keep them away. Where this is not done, they may be seen in the daytime, hanging asleep, head downwards, like a miniature collection of game at a poulterer's shop, and at night they wheel round and round, like swallows on a summer evening.

In some parts of the interior, the horrible and dangerous Vampire is found, ready to suck the feet or cheek of the sleeping traveller. Animals often have to be protected from them by close palisading, or by a light burning in their pens. They are, fortunately, seldom seen in the inhabited districts.

Other animals are the Water-hog, about the size of a normal pig; the Labba, and the Agouti—which are the principal game hunted by the Indians. These generally live in hollow trees and take to the river when pursued, followed by the Indian's dog, another Indian waiting in his canoe to prevent the animal's escape.

The Manatee (the South American Sea-cow) is an interesting creature, and is found in the great rivers. It is a kind of miniature whale, quiet and harmless, grazing on the plants which grow so plentifully on the rivers' banks, then diving down into the water, and coming up at intervals for breath.

Then there is the Devil-fish, so called because of its hideous appearance, caused by the enormous size of its head in proportion to the rest of its body. It has the look of an immense tadpole. It is

a sluggish fish, but exceedingly voracious, with tremendous mouth, and several rows of terrible teeth. It is very cunning in seeking its prey. Concealing itself in the mud at the bottom of the river or sea, it waves its tentacles aloft, and the silvery extremities of these act as baits in tempting the smaller fish to approach near enough to be seized by the capacious jaws beneath. Sometimes it comes to the top and captures sea-fowls. Whenever it is caught in a net with other fish, it busies itself in devouring as many as possible of its fellow prisoners. It sometimes attains to an enormous size. One of these monsters was caught some years ago in the Demerara River, and is to-day in the city museum.

The Sloth can hardly move about, but it is curiously protected by Providence when at rest by its resemblance to a nest of wood-ants, and hangs from the branch with its hook-like claws.

The Great Ant-bear, with its bushy tail, long tongue, and powerful claws, is peculiarly interesting. It has no teeth, and yet it is said that it can hold its own even with the jaguar, ripping open its body with its powerful claws. With these it tears down the huge nests of the wood-ants, which come out in thousands and are as quickly licked up by the creature's long tongue.

The Smaller Ant-eater somewhat resembles a monkey, but is much less active.

The Armadillo, so called because of its horny shell, is a wonderful little creature, and its flesh is relished as excellent food by some. It burrows in the sandhills like a rabbit.

In many parts of the Colony are also to be found various species of the Opossum, which, with the

Guana and Salempenta, afford the Indian many a delicious meal.

The wonderful bird life of the 'Land of Mud' is unsurpassed, and probably unequalled, in any other part of the globe. Here are to be found Sugar-birds, Greenlets, Tanagers, Hangnests, Tyrant-shrikes, Bush-shrikes, Tree-creepers, Manakins, Cotingas, Jacamars, Toucans, Macaws, Puff-birds, Guans, Currassows, Tinamous, Trogons, Chatterers, Herons, Ibises, Troupiales (the nightingale of Guiana), &c., &c.

The great beauty of many of these birds is beyond the power of the pen to depict. Whilst it may be seen in some as they fly in flocks, the loveliness of others can only be appreciated at close quarters. We may mention a few:

The Cock-of-the-Rock is a brilliant orange, with purple crest.

Humming-birds, some exceedingly small, yet clothed in a mantle of indescribable plumage, literally 'Birds of Paradise.'

The Scarlet Cotinga, with flaming red crown, dark shining brown back, ending at the tail in black, breast of reddish black and belly of red, with brown wings.

The Purple-breasted Cotinga, whose breast and throat are a deep purple, wings and tail black, whilst the rest of the body is a delightful blue.

The Pompadour Cotinga, with white wings tipped with brown, the rest of the body being purple.

The Toucan, universally known for his marvellously variegated beak.

The Houtou, whose body is green, with a bluish

cast in the wings and tail, a black crown, bordered in shades of blue.

The Jabiru, the largest bird in Guiana—very shy and difficult to approach.

The well-proportioned Cassique, said to be 'the model of symmetry in ornithology.'

The delightful Kingfisher, and the Jacamar, so often mistaken for the kingfisher.

The gaily-attired Tiger-bird, with gaudy vest, red head, yellow breast and belly, spotted with black, and dark green wings.

Parrots and Paroquets abound in great variety, and include the Hia-hia-parrot, called in this country the Sun-parrot—scarlet, red, yellow, blue, green, with an extraordinary long tail of scarlet and blue. This is the very king of parrots!

The handsome Bittern and the snow-white Egret are also to be found; and so we might go on.

Unlike the birds in Europe, and colder countries (with the exception of the Troupiale and the Tangara), these delightful creatures of the tropics cannot sing—though they make a great variety of curious sounds.

The Boclora (as it is called by the Indians), about the size of a pigeon, in the morning cries: 'Wow! wow! wow!'

The Cassique, or Mocking-bird, imitates the sounds he hears with wonderful faithfulness.

The greatly misrepresented Goat-sucker, as though heartbroken at the injury he has suffered from the days of Aristotle until now, in being charged with robbing the kids of their mother's milk, when the moon shines brightly, howls as one in deep distress: 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,' beginning with a very

loud and high note, gradually diminishing, until scarcely audible, pausing a moment between each note. Another species cries: 'Who are you! Who, who, who are you!' Another, 'Willy come go! Willy, willy, willy come go!' While yet another calls: 'Whip poor will! Whip, whip, whip poor will!' No Indian or negro will willingly harm these birds.

Then there is the Bell-bird, with its 'cling clang! cling clang!' The Sparrow of Guiana calls 'Kiss-ka-dee! Kiss-ka-dee!' and is known by that name.

The Robin of 'The Land of Mud' is black, with a patch of bright vermillion on its breast, and is about the size of the English robin.

Of butterflies, moths, and beetles there is no end, and some for size and beauty of colouring are marvels of nature. At certain seasons, clouds of beetles will suddenly appear in the country districts, reminding one of the plagues of Egypt, and will almost as suddenly disappear. I well remember preaching one Sunday evening at Mahaica, a village about twenty miles up the coast from Georgetown, when these creatures came up from somewhere, like locusts for multitude, and literally took possession of the church. They flew about in all directions, and alighted everywhere. I was kept quite busy brushing them from the Bible as I read the lessons, and knocking them in dozens from my person. Every time I chanced to move my feet in the rostrum, I could hear the poor things being crushed to death beneath my boots. They invaded the oil lamps, and actually put some of the lights out. On returning to the mission-house close by after service,

I found that the missionary's very young children had been engaged during service hours gathering these beetles from the floor of the dining-room, and had actually filled a large washing-mug with them.

I never saw such a sight before. Gallons of these harmless little insects were crawling and moving in a mass, inextricably mixed up. The children were as much interested as I was.

There is a wonderful creature in Guiana called the Six-o-'clock-bee; because every morning at six o'clock as the sun rises, and every evening at six o'clock as it sets, it makes a strange noise, like the grinding of a knife on a stone. It is always difficult to find these bees, though the sound may be quite near. I have sought for them scores of times, yet have only seen one, and I had no proof that it was a real six-o-'clock-bee, save that I was told so. It was about three-quarters of an inch long, and very ordinary looking. How this strange sound is produced I cannot say, and that it should only be produced at six o'clock is a remarkable fact.

Sandflies often come in clouds, very much resembling dust, as you drive along the country roads. They are small as a grain of sand, and possess a bite out of all proportion to their size. There is absolutely no protection from these pests: they will get through the meshes of the finest veil, on to your face, into your eyes, hair, ears, down your neck, up your sleeves; and wherever they alight, they at once claim their toll and bite.

Of mosquitoes, too, there are plenty in the country, where they are a greater nuisance than in the town.

The greatest number I ever saw together in one place was at a railway station a few miles out of Georgetown. I was waiting for the train from Mahaica to take me to Georgetown. The station was black with them, and as the train came puffing in, they rose in a cloud, making quite a loud buzzing noise. As the train moved off, I noticed that many thousands of them were actually migrating to the city. The little Demerara Railway Company that day carried many passengers who had not paid their fare. But this experience was quite exceptional.

Mosquitoes are very fond of newcomers, and sometimes punish them severely, till hands and face are quite puffed with the bites. After awhile either you get used to them, or they don't think you worth attacking any more, and they cease to be any great inconvenience, except that at night, should a few be left under your net in bed, there is no sleep until they are either satisfied or caught.

The common English house-fly is wholly absent in Guiana.

Ants are everywhere. They find their way into storerooms, food-safes, and on to your table, in fact anywhere where there is anything to eat. To keep them away, beds, tables, food-safes and all such things are made to stand in pans filled with crab-oil. They have a great antipathy to this bitter oil, and much prefer something sweet.

Wood-ants are dangerous to property, and the framework of all buildings has to be constructed of timbers they do not like, or they will eat them away. In the gardens are found many carnivorous

and leaf-eating species. Ants are, of course, very useful scavengers.

The Umbrella-ant is about the largest of them all, and is a most interesting insect. It carries a leaf in its mouth thrown over its body like an umbrella. Sometimes strings of these creatures have been seen a mile long.

Spiders are both numerous and useful; but the Tarantula is ugly and dangerous. It is almost as big as a small crab, with hairy legs and a terrible bite or sting.

Cockroaches attain a great size, and are destructive to books, especially the cloth bindings of new books. They like the paste; you can sometimes hear them scraping away, as you lie in bed, and the results of their work are seen next morning. At certain seasons they fly about. All wall-papers have to be stuck on with paste mixed with alum or some other distasteful ingredient, to keep these pests and others from eating it all off.

Guiana is also the home of scorpions and centipedes, and their sting is both painful and dangerous, especially if one is not in robust health. We were all kneeling in prayer at our ministers' meeting one morning at Trinity Mission House, when, without a moment's warning, one of our number threw a heavy piece of marble (used as a paper-weight on the study table) to the floor. This greatly startled us, and put a premature ending to our prayer. Rising from our knees we saw a great centipede, quite nine inches long, writhing in its death agony. The brother who threw the weight was watching as well as praying on that occasion, and it was well for one of us, perhaps, that he was.

Should you visit the 'Land of Mud' during the rainy season, you will probably not be able to sleep for a few nights, on account of the great noise of insect life after sunset. The humming, buzzing, whistling and croaking of myriads of flies, beetles, grasshoppers and crapauds make a strange concert to unaccustomed ears, but old inhabitants never hear it. The fireflies and other phosphorescent insects give a pleasing effect after dark.

There is a plentiful supply of reptiles, frogs, and fishes. Amongst these are Alligators, some of which are of an enormous size; large Tree-lizards and Iguanas, which sun themselves, and sleep in quiet places; and big frogs, which by their chirpings make up somewhat for the songless birds, while Pythons and other snakes find in Guiana a happy home. Some of these might almost be called beautiful, by reason of their wonderful colouring; while others are extremely deadly and formidable. The Whip-snake is of lovely changing green colour. The Coral-snake is striped transversely with red and black bars. These gay creatures glide about in the bush, but are perfectly innocent and harmless, and may be handled with safety. But the Labarri has neither beauty nor innocence. It is of a dirty brown speckled colour, hard to distinguish from the mud or the tree stump on which it is coiled; rather small, though sometimes attaining six or eight feet in length. A bite from this poisonous reptile means death in a few minutes. The snake, however, that is unrivalled both for beauty and deadliness is the Bush-master, which sometimes grows to twelve or fourteen feet long. Both man and beast accord him undisputed sway. He is the monarch of the forest.

Comoudi snakes are numerous, but not venomous. Some grow to an alarming size, and are very destructive to passing animals. They have been killed from thirty to forty feet in length, and some positively affirm that they grow very much longer and correspondingly thicker. The largest species is called Matatoro, which means 'the bull killer.' They have been found asleep with the horns of stags and other large animals sticking out of their mouths. The carcase they have crushed to a pulp, then swallowed it, but not being able to so dispose of the horns, they have had to patiently wait and sleep till they rotted off and dropped away.

A planter once told me the following story of one of his mules. It came running home in a state of great excitement, with the half of one of these large snakes round its body. A search was made on the plantation, and the other half of the reptile was found around a tree, under which the mule had evidently been standing in the shade. Feeling the awful creature gripping him, and seized with terror, the mule had evidently dashed away, tearing the monster in two as he did so.

Sometimes these repulsive creatures trespass, and bring upon others great alarm, and upon themselves death.

One morning, while staying at the Mission House at Essequibo, we found a large green snake asleep on the food-safe as we came down stairs, and this had to be dispatched before there was any breakfast. It measured seven feet.

Some of these reptiles are wonderfully adapted to their environment by protective colouring. Alligators resemble the mud on which they bask in

the sun; iguanas the green foliage of the trees in which they hide; snakes the branches and bark of trees around which they twine; and frogs the localities they infest. The same may be said of many insects, and it is a providential arrangement by which these creatures are protected from their enemies.

Of fresh-water fish there is a great variety, some being of wonderful colouring.

I will conclude this somewhat long chapter by relating an amusing incident. A colleague of mine went to spend a few days with some friends who lived on a cocoanut farm. One morning my friend and his host went out for a little shooting. They were not long in 'bagging' a nice number of birds. On coming near a fairly large pond, the host began to explain that it was infested with alligators. Without a moment's hesitation my friend raised his gun and fired at one, which was lying on the surface like a log of wood. In an instant, the whole place, so still and quiet before, was in a commotion. Several large reptiles crawled out of the water towards the shooters, who took fright, and ran for their lives through the thick undergrowth. To lighten their load they flung away the birds, but held on to the guns, and reached the house in safety. I never knew my friend go alligator-shooting again in Guiana.

Many people have an idea that alligators are very fierce, and will attack any one who goes near them. This is not so. Alligators are as frightened of us as we are of them, and if possible, will get away from man; but if they are at bay, or watching their eggs, or attacked, or suddenly

surprised, they will turn upon you; and as they can travel very fast in a straight line, your only hope of escape is in frequent and sharp turns. This is also true of snakes, and many other fearsome creatures of the Tropics.

CHAPTER VIII

'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN'

THE population of the 'Land of Mud' is appropriately described by the above well-known phrase. It is the veriest mixture any one can imagine. At the census, taken during my residence in the Colony, the total population was put down at 288,328, being an increase of 26,142, or a little over ten per cent., during the previous decade. If this rate of increase has been maintained, the number will now be considerably over 300,000. Demerara came an easy first with 173,898; Essequibo second, with 53,254; and Berbice last, with 51,176.

The Buck Indians were returned at 10,000. This figure can only be a rough guess, as these nomadic people live beyond the reach of census papers. It is impossible to know to a few thousands their number, one way or the other. The capital (Georgetown) contained a population of 53,176, and New Amsterdam 8,903, making an urban population of 62,079; while the villages contained 125,575, and the sugar plantations 90,492. These figures were made up as follows:

Negroes	115,588
East Indian Coolies	105,465
Chinese	3,433
Portuguese	12,166
Whites	4,558

102,848 are returned as agricultural labourers, 80,004 of these being coolies, the balance being proprietors of small plots of land, shop-keepers and tradesmen. Engaged in the gold digging and timber industries were 6,325.

The Negroes, who form the greatest number of any nationality in the Colony, and amongst whom most of our missionary work has been done, are an interesting race. They are for the most part descendants of slaves. Their parents, before the emancipation in 1838, were employed on the sugar and cotton plantations. Since that time the negroes have taken a deep dislike to that occupation, and this, perhaps, is not to be wondered at when we remember the slave days. This very soon created a difficulty in carrying on these industries, and as a result, many of the old planters were ruined, their plantations in some instances having to be abandoned, others being sold for anything they would fetch. Thus came about the necessity of importing labourers from other countries, which accounts for the presence of the Portuguese, Chinese, and East Indians in Guiana.

To-day many of the negroes are to be found engaged as market-gardeners, clerks, carpenters, mechanics, blacksmiths, painters, tram-drivers and conductors, railway-men, printers, shopmen, schoolmasters, dispensers, and other light employments. Many of them have succeeded well in the professions, especially the law. Some are in the ministry, while one is among the most respected medical practitioners in the Colony, and an ordained minister of the London Missionary Society.

The negro has been cursed by slavery. 'That

execrable sum of all villany,' as Wesley called it, though abolished, has left its baneful effects behind; and it will be long before this once down-trodden people can completely recover themselves. But they are doing it; and with patience, and the blessing of Almighty God, the African race in Guiana will yet give a good account of itself.

It is easy for those who have been so much more highly favoured to sit in judgement on the negro—to say he is this and that, and all the rest; but let such ask themselves what they would have been, had their fathers and grandfathers been stolen, bought and sold, treated as cattle, as having no soul, kept in moral and intellectual darkness, ill-treated and oppressed, as these poor Africans were? It has taken many centuries to make the modern Englishman; and even yet we can find among these idleness, impurity, and worthlessness, if we only care to look for them. Give the negro time. Judge him by his best, and not his worst. It may be quite true that he has not done all he could since slavery was abolished, for the betterment of his social conditions; that he has not used his liberty and freedom for his own advantage and the benefit of others, as he might have done, with so many inducements before him, and good laws to protect him, a free government to encourage him, a fine physical constitution, and ability to do as good or a better day's work than most men. He may have partially failed to respond to many of these great advantages, but that he has made no progress, but remained *in statu quo*, is not true. During the last fifty years he has moved on tremendously, and as time advances his pace of improvement will increase.

There is neither the same inclination nor the same need in the Tropics for the same strenuous working life as in our more temperate zone. With all the negroes' so-called idleness, they know nothing of the poverty and hardship so common in some parts of old England. Nature is more kind and generous to dwellers in tropical climes. There is not the same need for 'the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.' Many things that are so needful in England (such as clothes, food, and fire) are not needed to such an extent so near the Equator.

We do not plead for idleness, either in Black or in White. Work is divine, idleness is sin; work brings 'life, and health, and peace,' and idleness every kind of evil thing. But we plead for charitable judgement, for patience and hope, for a recollection of the past; for may not this inactivity be partly a reaction from the hard times gone by? If idleness and want of ambition be the negroes' besetting sins, they are certainly no worse than, nor do they bear such evil consequences as, drunkenness, the besetting sin of our own land.

The negro has many estimable qualities, and one soon gets an affectionate regard for him. He is very simple in his ways and mode of expression, and has a kind and generous heart. He has some strange and childlike fancies, being very fond of finger-rings, silk hats, and umbrellas, and he would hardly think himself 'dressed up' without any one of these. At weddings and funerals he is given to show, and is somewhat reckless of expense. No doubt he imitates his 'betters,' and thinks that what is good for them cannot be amiss for him.

He is decidedly religious, and perhaps there is a greater proportion of black people in the various churches of this Colony than of any other; and when he is soundly converted makes a grand Christian, as we have seen. He is somewhat superstitious, and this sometimes causes a lapse, and trial by leaders' meeting, if he be a church member. In Church work he is as yet only being trained for full responsibility, many of the duties of stewards, in the meantime, falling upon the shoulders of the minister.

Among our local brethren we have some well-read, thoughtful, and original preachers. 'We will expounderate de doctrine; argufy de principle; and den, put on de rousements,' is not a bad way of treating a text; while as a description of 'final perseverance' the following would be hard to beat: 'Lay hold, stick fast, nebber let go!' And for eloquent perorations, what of the following? A negro who preached from the text 'Redeeming the time because the days are evil' told his congregation that 'Time am a berry useful ting; it like a piece ob white paper—you write on it what you like; but you cannot rub it off. It like money you spend, you cannot get it back. So tek care what you do wid your time.' The discourse ended with the following flight of oratory: 'And now, my bredren, ib ye will do all dis dat I has told you, den you will hab de reward dat am promised to de faithful, for soon de Angel Gabriel will come along in his eberlastin' chariot, dribin' de immortal white hosses, and he will tell you to get in, and tak a ride wid him to de far off country, and ye dat am ready will step in wid him, and Gabriel will crack his whip of tunder,

at dem immortal hosses, drawin' de eberlastin' chariot, and away you'll go, a skippin' and buzzin' until you land at de curb-stone ob heaben's gate.'

They have rather a weakness for high-sounding words and phrases, and have wonderful memories, as the following amusing incident will show. One Sunday morning I was preaching at a village called Plaisance, in the Friendship Circuit. After service I retired to the minister's little vestry to eat my lunch. A big, fine-looking African with a happy countenance remained behind after the rest of the congregation had left. He evidently wanted a little chat 'wid de Ministah,' or 'de Pasture' as he is sometimes called, in such places. I asked him in, and invited him to join me at my sandwiches, which he did. Then he told me he was a preacher, and that every Sunday night he conducted a service on a neighbouring Sugar Estate, by special permission of the planter, for the coolie children, and any others who cared to come; and that he held the service in one of the Estate Buildings, and got good congregations.

All this was very interesting to me. Our talk then drifted upon sermons, sermon-making, books, theology, and such-like subjects. Then he asked if I knew any Greek and Latin? Almost before I had time to give him an answer he proceeded to recite to me whole pages of Greek and Latin, with a fluency that astonished me. My surprise, however, received a check when he told me he didn't understand a word of it. He had simply learned the Greek alphabet until he could read, then had committed to memory whole pages of Greek and

Latin, simply remembering the whole by sound. How I coveted his power of memory!

After this he went on to tell me that there was only one thing that he lacked for his work of preaching on the plantation, but it was very important, as without it, he could never have the full influence he desired for the complete success of his work. 'What is that?' I inquired, after he had 'beaten about the bush' for a considerable time. It was a clerical collar and vest, he said; and if I could only furnish him with an old 'cast-off' of my own he would be profoundly grateful. His sincerity and simplicity greatly amused me, and I laughed uproariously.

The following week he walked down to the Mission House in Georgetown, some seven miles or so, in the blazing sun, to prefer his request once more. And as nothing else would satisfy him, I gave him three or four old clerical collars and a vest. Never shall I forget his gratitude and the pride with which he carried them off.

Some few weeks after, I was preaching at Plaisance again. I had almost forgotten my friend, but, as I entered the pulpit, there he sat, right in front of me, like an African Bishop in full canonicals, his eyes twinkling with delight as he gave me a knowing look of grateful recognition. I could have laughed, but of course did not. At the close he remained to tell me of the wonderful effect of his new clothes on the congregation—of the increase in numbers, and of how much better he could preach since he had put on the proper preacher's garb. I relate this incident also to show the almost child-like simplicity of these Africans.

On another occasion a negro came to the mission house 'to ask de ministah ib he could find him a place as a schoolmaster, being an eddicated man.'

'Where are you from?' the minister inquired.

'From so-and-so, sah!' he replied.

'What experience have you had in teaching?' the minister next asked.

'None, sah, but I hab been strained up under Mr. So-and-so,' he said.

'Oh, I see,' said the minister. 'Well, now, do you know any geography?'

'Yes, sah, a little!'

'Then will you tell me where are the Scilly Islands?'

'Silly Islands, sah!' showing his white teeth as he laughed. 'Dere is no such place. You teasing, sah!'

There was no vacancy just at that time.

The horse was ill, and a negro farrier was called to examine him and tell us what ailed the beast. After a long and most careful examination of the horse's tongue, eyes, &c., &c., he turned to the minister, and, putting on a very wise look, said 'Well, sah! what is de mattah wid dis hoss is, he be sufferin', sah, wid a *complexialry ob billiousry*.' A most suggestive and original phrase! I think he was right in his diagnosis, for the horse's stomach was certainly out of order. But it would take a negro farrier to coin such a phrase.

The school inspector was examining our schools. This was always a great day. Scholars must come clean and tidy, and be wide awake.

As the inspector and missionary dismounted from the buggy, and walked into the school, all the

scholars were called upon to stand and sing a song of welcome, which was all very well until the song proved to be 'The Prodigal's Return.'

> He has come, he has come,
> To his father's house again, &c.

The humour was great! Which was the prodigal, the inspector or the minister? Who could have repressed a smile or have been put into anything but a good humour after such a song? So it did its work!

On one of these inspector's visits, an incident occurred which to some might seem a small thing, but to me at the time was intensely interesting and pathetic. As we entered the school, the scholars, about sixty in number, were standing on a gallery, at one end of the building. With one solitary exception the children were all 'as black as ebony.' This exception was a little white child, with silvery curls clustering round her head, making a startling contrast to the black skins and woolly heads of the rest. Needless to say, the little thing appeared quite unconscious of her unique position, as did all the rest. But the sight strangely affected me. The scene has often reproduced itself in my memory, as the years have gone by, as one of the most touching and extraordinary I have ever witnessed.

Missionaries are often called upon to perform all sorts of strange duties, such as making wills, drawing up agreements, settling quarrels—sometimes between husband and wife. Imagine a young minister being called upon, as I was, to settle a quarrel, or, as it proved to be, a misunderstanding, between a newly

married couple. A negro, whom I had married a short time before, came one morning to the mission house in great trouble, and 'wished to see de young ministah very particlar.'

'What is the trouble?' I inquired.

'Well, my ministah, I's sorry to say, my wife and I cannot agree. We hab no peace since we been married. She won't do anyting I tell she. She say: "Nay, you do it yourself—you promise to obey." I say, "Nay, my dear, *you* promise to obey"—and so we go on. She say "I promise," I say "She promise," and we get no furder. Well, dis marnin, she took off de ring, and gib it back to me, and say, "She won't be married to me any more." So I come to you, sah!'

'I am sorry to hear all this,' I said, 'very sorry! Where is your wife?'

'She down de 'teps, sah, in de yard.'

'Tell her to come up, I wish to see her.'

He fetched her up, and both followed me into the study. The woman stuck to her story, that he promised to obey, and she didn't, &c., and confirmed all her husband had said.

I informed her that she was mistaken, and her husband was right; and, like a good woman, she was to go home and do better; but she seemed puzzled and dissatisfied. 'Then,' said I, 'stand there, just where you are'; and, taking the *Book of Offices*, I read once more the service of Matrimony, and they repeated their parts after me. On coming to the mistaken portion, I emphasized it—'Love, honour and obey, till death us do part,' &c. She repeated, 'Love, honour, and obey, till det us do part.' When it was over I said: 'Now you must make it up

again, and go home like good people, and show your neighbours what happy married life is like.' And they did. Putting their arms about each other, they embraced and kissed most affectionately, and went away quite happy. I watched the case for awhile, and found that, as the story-books say: 'they lived happy ever after.'

A lady came to one of my colleagues, and informed him that she wished to get married.

'And when do you wish the happy event to take place?' he asked.

'Next Sunday, sah!' was her reply.

'Oh,' said the minister, 'don't you know we don't care for these Sunday weddings; they lead to so much Sabbath-breaking—feasting, and dancing, and other unseemly conduct on the Lord's Day. Can't you get married on Saturday or Monday, or some other day, and not on Sunday?'

'No, my ministah, I's sorry I can't; I always gets married on Sundays.'

'You always get married on Sunday!' he asked in astonishment; 'and pray, how often have you been married?'

'Well, dis will make de fort' time, sah!'

Negroes have a great dislike to the word 'Nigger.' You could scarcely offend one of them more than by calling him a 'nigger.'

A minister who had not long been in the Colony gave great offence by telling his congregation that a certain collection was 'a niggardly one.'

I am pleased to be able to give my readers a picture of 'a character' in Georgetown in my day. He called himself 'Waterfoot Merchant, Dealer of Curiosity.' That was not his real name—only his

business designation. He sold curiosities of the Colony, of all descriptions; bird-skins, animals' teeth, tusks, horns, and hides, reptiles, alligators' eggs, butterflies, beetles, curious nuts and beans, and a thousand other unmentionable things. But, curious as his merchandize was, he never brought anything so curious as himself.

In the picture you see him in his 'Sunday best,' and not in his business attire, which was very much more scant. He is here decorated with the head-gear of an Indian, and by his side are a few samples of his wares. This photograph of himself he gave to me about the last time I saw him. Soon after, he fell very sick, and had to go to the hospital, from which, I fear he never came out alive.

Negro women are very straight and walk erect. This, no doubt, comes about as the result of carrying things upon their heads. It is surprising, and often amusing, to see the things they carry in this way—even bottles, beautifully poised on their heads while they call and gesticulate to each other across the street. They know, too, how to wield a fan with grace, and also what suits their complexion, being very fond of white, which is both cool and appropriate. On their heads they wear a kerchief tied behind; and sometimes crowning this, you will see a gentleman's felt hat. Most of them go bare-footed, except on Sundays and other special times.

Their houses are of wood—and are mostly of only two rooms—one for living and the other for sleeping purposes. They have no fireplace, and no chimney-pots are to be seen anywhere. The poor cook their food often in the yard, or on the steps near the door,

'Waterfoot Merchant-Dealer of Curiosity.'

'There he sat looking like an African Bishop.'

[Face page 74.

by means of an iron charcoal stove, formed something like a huge squat egg-cup, with its base open to allow a free draught of air. A little grating divides this cup from the stand, and here is laid firewood or charcoal, on this being placed the frying-pan or meat-pot, and a little fanning does the rest. This arrangement requires no fender or fire-irons, takes very little room, and is easily moved from place to place, to suit the wind or rain.

The negroes cook some strange dishes, one of which is called 'Foo-Foo.' The origin of the name is unknown. This dainty dish is prepared as follows:—A mortar of greenheart wood, some ten inches wide, and a pestle, about as long as a yard-brush handle, are required. Into this mortar a number of boiled plantains are placed, and then this long heavy pestle is used like a ram-rod upon them, until the plantains are beaten into a pastelike consistency—the pestle being constantly wetted in a calabash of water, to prevent it sticking, for the mixture is of a very sticky nature. It is yellow in appearance, and is eaten by the negroes with great relish; it is also often enjoyed by others.

Another strange dish is the 'Pepperpot,' which is made in a large earthenware dish or pot. Into this vessel is put a preparation called 'Cassareep,' made by the Indians from the juice of the poisonous cassava, and rendered innocuous by evaporation. It is dark in colour, and of the consistency of molasses; and it is not unlike it in general appearance. Then, peppers (capsicums) are added, and into this all kinds of flesh, fish, or fowl that are not eaten at once are placed, and the pot is set on the fire; with the result that the meat is preserved for an indefinite

period, and a most delicious kind of stew is always ready.

Many old inhabitants of Guiana, on returning to their native land, have taken with them their pepper-pot, and are supplied with peppers and cassareep from the ' Land of Mud ' to make the savoury mess.

Wheaten bread is the ordinary loaf—but besides this a good deal of cassava bread is used.

The negroes, both men and women, are very fond of music. Any kind of musical instrument, from a ' Jews'-harp ' upward, is appreciated. And wonderful melody they produce from such simple instruments as the guitar, banjo, mandolin—or even a tin whistle. Many of them have excellent voices, and some may be described as remarkable for height, depth, and fullness.

They think much of the ministers, and never forget them. Often have I heard them speak of missionaries who had either been dead or left the Colony twenty or thirty years before, as though they had only just gone away ; and never did I hear anything but the kindest and most affectionate references. ' Minister So-and-so was a dear good man, sah ; he could preach for true ! '

Very few of the older people can tell their exact age. They mark it generally, not from their birth, but from some event or epoch in their life or that of the Colony, or by the ministers in the circuit.

' How old are you ? ' you ask.

The reply is : ' I was baptized by Minister So-and-so.' Then you must find when he was in the circuit, in order to get near the figure.

' I was so big at cholera time, or de dust time '—indicating how big with their hand.

They have many quaint and funny sayings, a good store of wit and humour, and are very ready at reply. When anything greatly pleases them, they exclaim : ' Too sweet ! too sweet for true ! '

The word ' too ' is in much request, and, by a curious emphasis, is made very expressive—' You live too bad. You tief too bad, for true.'

I will close this chapter with a touching and beautiful little episode which occurred during my four years in the ' Land of Mud.'

I had been called to visit one of our little Sunday school girls, who was in a decline. Below the black skin I could plainly detect the ghastly character of this scourge. She was about ten years old, and the idol of her mother's heart. There was no hope. There she lay, ' black but comely,' on her little bed, covered by a snow-white sheet. We talked about Jesus and the children, and heaven, where He is gone to prepare a home for us : and in all my twenty-three years' ministry, I have never met a child so young with a more beautiful, simple, intelligent trust in the Redeemer than that little negro girl. We laid her body to rest in the Le Repentir Cemetery, her little Sunday school class companions following. As we stood around the grave, sheltered from the fierce tropical sun by the overhanging palms, they sung at their own request (to the same old tune to which I had sung it scores of times in the Sunday school in dear old England as a boy)—

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we'll part no more.
O that will be joyful.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every land below.
O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

What I felt as I stood by that open grave and heard that sweet song, I cannot write; but there came back to me the words I had just read: 'Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

CHAPTER IX

'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN' (2)

NEXT in importance, in point of numbers, come the East Indian Coolies. With very few exceptions, these are all engaged in the growing and manufacturing of sugar, and are about the only people in the Colony to be really depended upon for that work. Brought free of expense by the Government from the East Indies, they are indentured for a term of five years, at the current rate of wages; after the expiration of which they are at liberty to re-engage themselves for another term of service, or enter any other employment they may think proper. At the end of a continuous residence of not less than ten years, they are entitled to a free passage back to India. This right they always retain, however long a time they may remain in the country after the ten years. Rather less than fifty per cent. avail themselves of this privilege.

Having established themselves on a bit of land, and prospering, they prefer to remain in Guiana, and make it their home, for it may be already the home of their children.

Some benevolent persons almost regard this coolie emigration with fear, lest it degenerate into a kind of slave trade. But, if they only knew how the rights and privileges of these people are guarded by law, their fears would be laid aside.

There is no doubt the coolies are very happy and content in the ' Land of Mud,' and live, side by side with the rest of the population, in harmony and peace. They are very thrifty, fond of their children, and can live and bring up a family, and save something, on less than some men in old England spend on tobacco. Often, on the expiration of their ten years' residence, they have saved enough money to be able to establish themselves in some business, either in Guiana or their native land. These coolies are by no means so strong and well built as the negroes, and far less able to do heavy plantation work ; but, being more regular in their habits, and more willing, they have become the very backbone of the Colony.

They spend very little on dress, their only clothing being a strip of cheap calico round their loins, with sometimes a kind of turban on their head. The women wear skirts, and graceful drapery thrown over their shoulders and around their body. They are very fond of jewelry, and many save their money on their persons, in the form of silver bangles and armlets, with gold coins fastened upon them, and innumerable rings on their fingers, in their ears, noses, round their necks, and even on their toes. Some, however, prefer putting their money into the bank.

A few earn a comfortable livelihood as pedlars—walking about, or sitting by the roadside, with a tray, on which rice, various articles of food, nuts and fruit are exposed for sale. Others are barbers, plying their trade, also on the roadside—their whole kit of tools being contained in a small chocolate-box. With a little water from the trench in a sardine-tin,

they can be seen shaving heads and faces, or cutting hair with scissors. They never appear to use any lather in shaving, only water, and that cold.

Along the street the coolie walks, with his long hackia stick in hand, about two or three yards in front of his 'better half' (or worse half, as it appears), she following meekly with the baby straddled across her hip, and carrying the luggage, should there be any.

The homes of these people are provided on the estates, and are small wooden structures, with two rooms, on the ground floor, very much after the fashion of many used by the negroes. They have next to no furniture, a very rude bed, with a few boxes for chairs; no table. They mostly live on rice, and eat it with their fingers, squatting on the ground round one big pot. Sometimes a fat mullet, or other fish out of the canals, will furnish a little extra, and fruit is plentiful and cheap.

These coolie emigrants are of the lowest caste in India; and what little caste they have is, I believe, broken by leaving their country and crossing the sea. Their religious rites and ceremonies are all respected in coming to Guiana. At certain seasons they are allowed to leave work, to celebrate their sacred festivals. One of these is commonly known as the Tajah. There is much rum drinking in connexion with it, which often leads to fighting, and sometimes ends in murder.

To celebrate this sacred feast or festival, a huge wickerwork construction is made, and highly ornamented with coloured paper and tinsel. Within this are placed clay models of idols. When ready, it is carried by means of two long poles through

the streets, followed by hundreds of coolies, chanting or humming a kind of dirge, and beating drums. No doubt this is exhausting work, and they soon feel their need of refreshment; numerous calls at rum-shops on the way begin to tell, and in the end, drunkenness leads to fighting, and fighting to killing. At the finish, the wickerwork, along with the gods, is flung into the sea or river, and the festival is over.

There are rudely built Hindu temples in all parts of the Colony. These are generally very small, not being meant to accommodate worshippers, who stand outside in an area opposite the door, which is the only entrance to the building. The priest alone, who is the representative of the people, enters the sacred enclosure, with his assistants, to perform the duties of his office before the idols, which stand at the lower end from the door, and are placed that the worshippers outside may see them, and fall down before them. There is no window in these temples to admit either light or air. Before the idols, which are made of brass, burns a small lamp, giving a dim and garish light, and the place being otherwise dark, it is thus made weird and awe-inspiring.

I once paid a visit to one of these temples in the early morning at Abram Zuil, on the Essequibo coast. Each morning, for some days, I had heard the 'tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!' of a bell. On inquiring what it meant, I was informed there was a Hindu temple about two hundred yards away.

I resolved to pay it a visit next day. On arriving, I found the only persons present were the priest

and his little girl. Worship had begun; the priest was on his knees, with his face to the ground, repeating, very rapidly, prayers in Hindi. He had marked his body and forehead with a brown muddy-looking preparation, which, I afterwards learned, was a mixture of cow-dung and water. After a time he arose, and blew a shell horn, at the sound of which the child came in bearing a bowl of milk. Taking it from her, he presented it to the gods; then fell down again on his face, repeating more prayers at a great speed. Again he rose and blew the horn, and the little maid reappeared with a bowl of flower petals; these he presented to the gods in like manner. This time the child remained, and, taking up a gong, beat it loudly. Then, falling down once more, during which the girl continued beating the gong, he said more prayers, and the service concluded.

For many years we have had a mission among these people. At the present time we have a minister and three catechists set apart to this work. We could do with many times more. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.' It is encouraging, however, to think that other churches are also engaged in preaching the gospel to these poor coolies in Guiana.

The work is very trying, on account of the constant changes that are taking place. Some are brought to Jesus Christ, and join the church; then they return to their native land, let us hope to carry the glad tidings of salvation to their friends in that far-off country.

Let me tell you a story of one of these coolies. He was converted to God in British Guiana. After his

term of service on the sugar plantation, he became groom to our missionary in Berbice. Beginning to preach, he developed into a most enthusiastic evangelist among his own people. His heart was on fire, and a great longing took possession of him to return home, and preach Jesus Christ to his own countrymen. He got his 'note of removal,' like a good Methodist, and his Government papers, and went back to India.

Shortly after this, the missionary read in the report of the annual Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall, London, of the arrival from British Guiana of a converted coolie, who had become a very successful bazaar preacher. Then after a time there appeared an article in the *Monthly Record*, describing the conversion of a gentleman holding a Government position in India, through the instrumentality of a converted coolie from British Guiana. An old Demerara colleague of mine, speaking at a missionary exhibition, told this story, when a gentleman came forward and said: 'It's all true; I know the man.'

The Portuguese, of whom there are upwards of twelve thousand in the Colony, originally emigrated to Guiana from Madeira. They were introduced as agricultural labourers from 1835 to 1840; but they did not stick to the work, leaving it for the easier occupations of petty traders, pedlars, and shop-keepers. They were both thrifty and industrious, and have prospered so well as to own nearly all the provision and rum-shops in the Colony. To find a rum-shop not kept by a Portuguese would almost be a curiosity. They supply the poorer

classes with very small quantities of every kind of grocery, &c., which larger storekeepers will only sell in quantity. A number of these people have risen to affluence, becoming landed proprietors, owners of property, and persons of influence. They are all nominally Roman Catholics.

The Chinese, like the East Indians, were brought to the Colony by the Government, and for the same purpose; but without the privilege of a return free passage. There is a difference of opinion with regard to the success or otherwise of the Chinese as labourers on the sugar plantations. Many of them have, however, succeeded well in other occupations. They are about the only people who can successfully compete with the Portuguese as small shopkeepers. They also keep pigs, cut wood, and burn charcoal.

They are very provident, and by 'looking ahead' (unlike the happy-go-lucky negro) and exercising a little care at the right time, save themselves much inconvenience when trouble comes. These 'Celestials' must have felt very strange in the wide and straight streets of Guiana, after those of China—so narrow, that a man and his wife cannot walk together in some of them; and so crooked that you cannot see more than a few yards in front or behind. The Chinese are very superstitious, and greatly afraid of spirits. Spirits are everywhere, so they make their streets narrow and crooked to dodge them. There will be a poor chance of doing this in the 'Magnificent Province.' But maybe they have received light in Guiana, which has driven these fears away.

The Red Indians are the aboriginal dwellers of Guiana. It is their home. They are a strange but interesting people. Their history is dark and uncertain, and has given rise to much speculation and curious theories. The tribes represented by the Indians in Guiana are the Arawâks, Warraus, Caribs, Acawais, Macusis, Arécunas, Wapisianas, Atorais, Tarumas, and Woyowais. They average about five feet four inches in height, and have fairly well formed features. Their foreheads are somewhat narrower than the average European, but sufficiently large to bespeak intelligence above the lowest order of mankind. The women are almost, if not quite, as big as the men, but not very graceful in appearance. They are of a brownish-olive complexion, varying according to tribe and location, some being almost as fair as English, while others are a darkish-brown colour. They have a luxuriant crop of black hair, with well-proportioned limbs, and are not without a little vanity and sense of beauty, loving to adorn themselves with glass beads (when they can get them), and laces of seeds, shells, and peccaries' teeth. These they place round their necks, arms, and ankles. Their clothing is of the scantiest, often being less than a small piece of cloth covering their loins, or dangling down in front of their persons, tied with a string around their waist, while the women wear an apron of glass beads. The headdress of the men is perhaps the most conspicuous and wonderful part of their attire, being a circlet of feathers, sticking straight up, all round their heads. They are sometimes tattooed; whilst many of the tribes paint their bodies with strange lines, in perfumed red, blue, purple, and white.

A number of them live on the banks of the various rivers and creeks. Those engaged in industry are woodcutters. They rarely visit the towns or villages, preferring to live beyond the bounds of civilization, just as their forefathers did, long ages before Guiana was discovered. Some few have from time to time accompanied white men to Europe; but on returning, they have thrown off their clothes and gone back into the forests.

They believe in two Superior Beings—one good and one bad. They pray to the latter not to hurt them, believing that the former is too good to do them an injury. A small number have been christianized, and little communities of clothed aborigines are found in different parts of the colony.

They are a simple, good-natured, and inoffensive people. In the census they are returned at ten thousand; but, as we have said, their retiring nature and wandering life make it almost impossible to get even an approximate idea of their number.

The Indian is often a great help to the traveller, from his intimate knowledge of the trackless interior. He seems to be quite as much at home in the woods as any of the wild animals there. The calm and stillness of the vast interior have apparently so influenced him that he is in thorough harmony with his strange surroundings. He lives in a *benab*, a mere framework of posts driven into the ground, and open on every side, covered on the top with leaves, in which he swings his hammock, sleeps, cooks and eats his food, is born, and dies.

He is a hunter, with ears and eyes so keen that nothing escapes him. Where we should see no sign,

the Indian finds traces of birds and animals in every direction. Like the Benjamites of Scripture, who could shoot an arrow to a hair's breadth, so can he, being even able, with unerring aim, to shoot fish in deep pools of water.

He is as much at home on the water, in his self-made canoe, as on land, and as good a catcher of fish as of birds and animals. Each tribe has its own hunting-ground, and each family its own plantation ; and nature in Guiana is very generous to these wild children of the forest.

These Indians are also very clever in the manufacture of anything they need, such as clubs, bows and arrows, hammocks, and earthenware vessels, which sometimes they curiously ornament according to their ideas of decorative art. Waterton gives an interesting description of a pipe through which they blow poisoned arrows to kill birds and animals. He speaks of this 'tube of death' as 'one of the greatest natural curiosities of Guiana.' It is a reed, and must grow to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is about eleven feet long, as straight as possible, and does not taper in the least, of a yellow colour, perfectly smooth both inside and out, with no appearance of any knot or joint in the whole length. They give it the name ' Ourah.' It is, however, too slender to use alone, so it is placed in another and stronger reed, from a species of palma, which acts as a sheath for the ' Ourah.' This they call ' Samourah.'

The arrows which are blown are about nine inches long, and made from the leaf of a palm-tree, called the ' Coucourite,' very hard and brittle and pointed like a needle. About an inch of this sharp point is

dipped in poison. Some five or six hundred of these arrows they carry in an ingenious quiver which they make. This blow-pipe is the Indian's gun; and by it he can send an arrow three hundred feet into the air, with unerring aim, begotten of life-long practice.

In hunting birds and animals, he will often imitate their cries, and thus decoy them from tree to tree, until they come within range of his tube; then he will fill his lungs, deliver the fatal puff, and the arrow strikes home.

This wonderful 'Wourali' poison, as it is called, is made by these Indians by a method only known for a long time to themselves, from a vine called the 'Wourali,' with various roots and bulbs, poisonous ants, Indian pepper, and the pounded fangs of the labarri snake, boiled together over a slow fire, until it is reduced to a thick dark brown syrup. It is equally poisonous to man and beast. It instantly mixes with the blood; a stupor follows, the wounded creature seems either unable or unwilling to move, and in a short time convulsions take place and then death. However strange it may seem, the flesh of animals thus killed is in no way injured as food, being in all respects as if killed by shot or knife.

The writer possesses a large greenheart club made and used by these people; and has often wondered what it would reveal could it speak. Unless he is much mistaken, it has done considerable execution, there being signs of heavy use, and blood stains at the 'business end.' The Indian's bow is usually from six to seven feet long, and strung with a cord spun from silk grass. The arrows are from four to

five feet in length, made from a strong yellow reed, without knot or joint. Into the end of the arrow he fits a little poisoned spike of wood, and when the animal is struck, the weight of the arrow breaks off the poisoned spike, it having been cut half through for the purpose, and so the arrow is recovered.

Thus armed, the men supply the wherewithal to cook, and the women dress and prepare it—and bake a kind of bread of grated cassava. The pulp, having been squeezed dry, is called 'Mattapee,' and is cooked on a flat piece of stone in the form of a pancake. The Indian grows his own cassava, on a plot cleared of bush. It takes from ten months to a year for his crop to mature; in the meantime his wife and children are kept busy, keeping down the weeds, or the whole would be choked (like the seed in the Parable that fell among thorns), so rapidly does everything grow in the 'Land of Mud.'

Like most uncivilized people, the Indians are rather improvident, and often suffer in consequence; but, as we have said, nature is kind. They need little food and clothes to keep them warm, and when 'the worst comes to the worst,' they can always find a plentiful supply of seeds, roots, and wild fruit to ward off starvation. The death-rate among Indian children is very high, and it is thought that it is only a question of time ere these strange people will become extinct.

There is reason to believe that one of these Indian tribes, living far up the Essequibo, was at one time addicted to cannibalism. Excavations in mounds, in the north-west districts, have resulted in the discovery of quantities of human skeletons, believed to be the relics of cannibal feasts of long ago.

'Twas long ago, yet still I view
The scene to me, then fresh and new,
Where two fair rivers flow;
Where stately moras tower above,
And palms wave gently in the grove,
As pleasant breezes blow.
I see, as natives pass me there,
Bright copper skins and jet-black hair,
While one whose face is kind and fair
The forest tree lays low.

There painted Caribs in our view
Would pass us in their light canoe,
And slowly glide away.
We saw grim alligators sleep,
And languid lizards near them creep,
In the meridian ray.
And there, while no sweet breeze above
Would stir the leaves and cheer the grove,
And water-lilies scarce could move,
Would wait the cool of day.

(*Legends of the Arawaks.*)

With regard to the rest of the inhabitants of Guiana little need be written. They are a mixture of almost every European country. Many of them are fine Christian gentlemen, ready for every good work, the true friends of the Colony and its people; while others, we regret to say, exert an influence that makes the spread of the gospel (which alone can uplift them) more difficult.

CHAPTER X

SUPERSTITIONS

Superstition and superstitious people are to be found in all parts of the world. Even in dear Old England there are those who tell you it is unlucky to spill salt; for a picture to fall; to break a looking-glass (this will bring no less than seven years of bad luck); or to pick up your umbrella, should you let it fall in the street. Some one else must pick it up for you, or something is sure to happen. In a certain part of this enlightened land they believe it to be unlucky to kill a pig on Friday, affirming that if you do the bacon will not cure. How many old horse-shoes are nailed up, to bring good luck? and are there not people who profess to charm away warts and various others things, and who believe in signs and omens? And though there are many who would affirm that they are 'not a bit superstitious,' yet they would not sit down thirteen to a table, on any account. Therefore while we speak of the superstitions of others, we will remember our own.

That the negro should be superstitious is not at all to be wondered at, when we consider his past history. The days of slavery were times of great ignorance and darkness. Such soil invariably produces big crops of superstitious beliefs. Some of the black man's superstitions are quite as innocent

and harmless as those of the white man, but others are serious, because more or less demoralizing.

We see a poor boy driving his donkey and cart up the street; he pulls up at an old lady's stall, on which bottles of 'Maubie' drink are for sale (a deep red, wholesome beverage, made from the bark of a tree). He lays down his 'gill' (penny) and takes up his bottle. Instead of drinking it at once, he holds it for a time at the ass's nose, as if giving him the first taste; but no, he is only allowing him to breathe into it; and when this is done, he pours the liquor down his own throat. When asked the meaning of this strange action, he replies with great simplicity and seriousness, 'You see, sah, de ass hab long breath (long life); him breathe into de bottle, I drink his breath, I too hab long breath.' The boy imagines he is lengthening his life by that curious performance.

As in England, the horse-shoe superstition is in evidence in many parts of the Colony. Did it come from England?—or have we received it from Guiana? In the 'Land of Mud' it is supposed to be a protection against the attacks of hogs, witchcraft, evil spirits, and hobgoblins.

Yes, the negro is a great believer in spirits and haunted houses, and has a strong antipathy to graveyards after dark. He would rather walk a mile round than pass through such a place at night.

This reminds me of an amusing and instructive incident which took place at Mahaica during my sojourn in the Colony. An old college friend of mine, for a time one of my colleagues in the Georgetown Circuit, was removed to the Mahaica Circuit—a solitary station, some twenty miles up the coast.

A native minister, and a native catechist, along with myself, went to assist him in his missionary campaign. This native minister was a sincere believer in apparitions and ghosts, and had a great store of remarkable personal experiences of these occult matters to relate; and nothing seemed to please him more than to tell these stories. He had often warned us that this mission house at Mahaica had strange unearthly visitants—that it was really haunted. We had not, however, talked upon any such matters on this occasion. The arrangement was that my old colleague and I should occupy one bedroom, and our two native brethren the other.

After returning from one of our meetings, partaking of a light supper, and indulging in a little chat, we retired. My bedfellow could not sleep. A few days before he had received a letter informing him of the sad intelligence that his mother had passed away. He got thinking of her, and his sleep left him. Very quietly, so as not to disturb our two friends in the next room (for, the houses being built of wood, sounds travel easily through the thin walls), he crept quietly from his bed, pushed his feet into his soft slippers, and said, in old college style, 'Hardy, old chap, I cannot sleep. I've got thinking about my dear old mother. I'll go down and walk about a bit, and have a pipe to see if it will help me.'

'All right!' said I; and he went stealthily downstairs, and for an hour or so paced quietly to and fro in the large room beneath. The drawing and dining-rooms were all one, only divided by a curtain, drawn aside in the middle—and ran under both bedrooms. The two native brethren had fallen asleep,

but the steady step below ultimately roused our somewhat superstitious friend. Nudging his companion he said, 'D——, can you hear anything?'

D——, half awake, raised his head and listened.

'Yes! I seem to hear footsteps—tramp! tramp! tramp!'

'I have heard them too, for quite a long time; in fact, they woke me up. Whatever can it be, D——?'

'I don't know,' said D——, in a subdued voice. 'What do *you* think it is?' D—— asked wonderingly.

'Why, it's what I've told you; this house is haunted. That's nothing earthly, I'll swear; besides which, there's nobody in the house but the four of us. Didn't we all come to bed together?'

'Of course we did!' D—— replied, pulling the sheet well over him, and asking if his friend had locked the door. As though that would make any difference to a spirit! By and by my bedfellow returned, and soon forgot his grief in sleep, neither of us having the least suspicion of the excitement he had caused in the next room.

The following morning our two native brethren came to the breakfast table looking very serious and seedy, and indulged in considerable yawning. They had hardly slept a wink, they said.

'Had we heard anything in the night?' they inquired. We informed them that we hadn't heard a sound of any sort. They were astonished, and thought we must both be very sound sleepers. They had distinctly heard footsteps in the dead of night, in the room below, tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

'There was no mistake about it. We both heard

it ; we were not dreaming, but as wideawake as we are now,' they averred.

In a moment it flashed upon us what the tramping was. We gave each other a quick and knowing glance, but held our peace, except that we laughed rather immoderately, till the tears trickled down our cheeks, to the evident surprise and disgust of our two coloured brethren.

' You may laugh as much as you like ; no one to my dying day shall ever laugh me out of the belief that I heard something uncanny, as the Scotch people say, and not of this earth, in this very house, this very last night. Isn't that so, D—— ? '

' There's no mistake about it ! ' D—— replied, looking very serious.

And to ' their dying day ' (for they are both ' gone home ' long ago) they held to their belief (for we never enlightened them) that, though they did not see a ghost, they heard one, without a doubt, that night, in the Mahaica mission house.

The ghost in the ' Land of Mud ' is known by the name of ' *Jumbi.*' But ' Jumbi ' is more than a mere ghost. He is a great personality and power. Sometimes he is treated as a petted friend, and at others he is shunned as a dreaded enemy. All kinds of things are given to him, and called after him. When something goes wrong ' Jumbi is no pleased,' and so he must be propitiated. A dinner party, or some such thing, must be held in his honour. But only little children must be invited—he is particularly fond of children (I like him for that. Jumbi cannot be very bad if he loves little children so much). This party is held in an open field, and boiled rice and chicken without salt is the repast

(Jumbi dislikes salt), and the little folks are told that Jumbi is there partaking of the food, and enjoying himself in their midst—though he can be neither seen nor heard.

Besides these dinner parties, Jumbi has numerous wedding feasts. He seems as fond of ladies as of children, for he is getting married all the time. When the ripe seed-pod (about the size and shape of a tomato, only with deeper and more regular grooves on the outside) of the 'Sand-box' bursts, with the report of a gun, and scatters its dark, hard, flat seeds, like buttons, with a great rattling noise, as they fly through the branches and fall to the ground, the negro will say, 'Ah! Jumbi go get married! Jumbi wedding-day!' Sometimes this tree is called 'The Monkey-Dinner-bell-Tree'—perhaps because it calls him to a feast of nuts (though the sand-box nut is not eatable). It is a powerful cathartic, and young children have been known to die through eating it.

The gigantic ceiba, or silk-cotton-tree, is also called the Jumbi tree; and is regarded with superstitious awe. It is very difficult to get persons to cut down these mighty trees. They imagine they will not be allowed to live long if they do. The ceiba grows to an enormous size, and when its seed-pods burst, a cotton-like substance drops and blows everywhere, becoming at times a great nuisance. 'But you must not trouble that tree, or Jumbi will be angry, and something will happen you.'

A missionary on the west coast of the Colony, belonging to the London Missionary Society, bought a piece of land that contained one of these trees upon which to build a church. After trying hard to

get some one to cut it down, but in vain, he took off his coat, and with a large axe, he set to work to chop it down himself. The people stood watching him in horror, lest Jumbi should there and then be avenged upon him. But as nothing happened, several of the onlookers grew bold, and joined in the work, and soon the task was accomplished. It is said by some that this strange tree does many unaccountable and extraordinary things, such as walking about at night, crossing and re-crossing the rivers; but it always manages to perform these pilgrimages unseen. Jumbi also has a cap; a toad-stool being honoured by that distinction. And the black-bird is called Jumbi's bird; should it fly near your dwelling, it is an evil omen, and soon a member of the family will sicken and die.

These are mostly harmless superstitions, and one can afford to smile at them; but Obeahism or Witchcraft is not so innocent, and the Churches and the law of the land are both doing their utmost to stamp it out; but it dies hard. It is a relic of the dark past, brought from Africa, where it is still practised. In Guiana, notwithstanding the prohibitory laws of the Colony and the attitude of the Churches, in various parts the Obeah man still flourishes, and carries on his wicked trade in a quiet way. When caught, he is severely punished; and should any member of the church—as they very occasionally do—have any dealings with Obeahism, he is tried before the church court and rigorously disciplined.

The Obeah man of to-day is not so formidable a person as his prototype of the slave days. He trades upon the credulity, ignorance, and fear of the

people, and thus he gathers in his gold. Many dark deeds of mysterious murder lie to the account of the Obeah man, in pre-emancipation times. The altered conditions of things, and public enlightenment, make such things impossible to-day, even had he the guilty knowledge of his ancestors, which is more than doubtful.

This wicked but interesting person mixes his so-called medicines and fills his repulsive obeah bags under the spreading branches of the Jumbi (or devil-tree, as it is also called); and uses, so it is said, the nuts of the sand-box amongst other things for some of his deadly compounds, to destroy the victims of his wickedness. His obeah bags are filled with such filthy and disgusting things as toads, cats' ears and claws, teeth, little bits of bone, and dried human blood. These are sold chiefly to drain the pockets of those who have more money than wisdom; and afterwards used to enchant or bewitch.

People in pain or sickness are often pronounced by believers in this superstition to be 'put so,' some one having 'obeahed' them—therefore, an Obeah man must be sent for, who, for a consideration in money or kind, will take the 'spell' off. These rascals by sleight-of-hand pretend to extract centipedes, scorpions, worms and other noxious insects from the patient, while all the time they have the reptiles concealed about their persons; and when the incantations are over, they triumphantly produce them, pretending they were the cause of the malady.

Obeah bags and bottles are frequently hung up in fields or on the branches of fruit trees to scare away thieves, and the device often proves successful, so

great is the belief of such people in this foolish superstition. It is affirmed—I know not how true it may be—that these vile fellows carry a drop of snake poison under a sharpened finger nail, a scratch of which means death.

The practice of 'waking,' or keeping watch or vigil over the dead, is also somewhat prevalent in the Colony; but is by no means peculiar to Guiana; being practised in Australia, Ireland, and sometimes even yet in England. Maybe this strange custom had its origin in good intentions. As far back as 1285 an attempt was made by law to put down the practice in England. In those days it was thought to be a sacred and religious duty, on the part of those left behind, to sit up and keep watch over the dead, the night before burial. It is probable that the practice has been carried from our own country to the 'Land of Mud,' and while the custom has been dying out at home, it has been growing into a public nuisance and a scandal, to say nothing of its insanitary nature, in such a climate as Guiana.

The 'wake' generally begins with the singing of hymns, and with rum drinking; by and by, the hymns make way for songs, tale telling, filthy conversation, dancing and gambling, and often the proceedings end in a fight. The dead are practically forgotten in the drunken revelry, and peaceful neighbours, within sound of their howling din—to say nothing of the sick and dying—are tormented and robbed of their rest. Various persons 'of the baser sort' avail themselves of every opportunity of attending these wakes, only to thieve, gamble, and drink to their heart's content, frequently being so intoxicated at the funeral as to be unable to walk

erect. They are attended by both men and women, and though, as we have seen, they begin well, they frequently end in debauchery and immorality.

The Churches have done much to put the evil down—our own Church, amongst the number, refusing to perform the funeral service over any body that had been 'waked.' This is following John Wesley's advice; for in the Minutes of the Conference held in Leeds in the year 1784, the following question and answer appear. *Question.*—'Many of our brethren have been exceedingly hurt by frequenting feasts and wakes on Sunday. What do you advise in this case?' *Answer.*—'Let none of our brethren make a wake or feast, neither go to any on Sunday, but bear a public testimony against them.' That is what is being done in Guiana, with beneficial results. These wakes are not only indulged in by the negroes, but also by the East Indians, who have learned the practice since coming to the Colony. Thus evil, as well as good, is like leaven.

CHAPTER XI

'DE OLE SLABE TIME'

OFTEN have I sat in the homes of these people and heard them speak 'ob de ole slabe time'—which, sometimes they call 'de ole testament days'—and of the experiences they passed through. I have either heard it said, or read it somewhere, that 'many of the emancipated slaves afterwards, like some of the Israelites of old, longed for the return of the happy days of captivity.' All that I have to say to that is, I never met any of them.

At a missionary meeting in the country, I heard a very old man, who had himself been a slave, speak to the young men and young women present of those days, and contrast them with the present. He told a very different story. He began his interesting address as follows: 'My dear young people, de ministah wish me fi say a few words to you about de ole days ob slabery, which I 'member berry well. Ah! in dem days, de gospel didn't free course, run and glorify, &c.'

This horrible traffic had its origin in the early ages of the world: and almost all nations, at some period of their history, have been slaves, or made others slaves. Some have gone so far as to argue that slavery was a divine institution—that God had made the inferior races of mankind to live and

toil in subjection to their superiors. In bygone days really good men have not only believed in slavery, and sought to justify it from Scripture, but have actually owned slaves, and thought no more of it than owning a dog. But rather than believe that slavery was a divine institution, I would hold that God has given every man to himself, and no other man on earth has any right to him as a chattel—to rob him of his rights of humanity, and doom him and his offspring to a hopeless bondage and oppression.

If it is wrong to steal, surely the wholesale robbery and kidnapping of helpless men and women, and boys and girls, from their homes, stowing them away in holds of ships, carrying them thousands of miles across the sea, and selling them like cattle into bondage, could not be right.

As many as five hundred of these poor creatures were sometimes carried on board vessels of not more than fifty tons burthen. They were packed on deck as closely as salt fish, doubled up on their haunches, thighs to breast, chin to knees; placed row against row, shoulder to shoulder, with no possibility of change of position; 'a solid phalanx of human flesh!' No awning protected them from the scorching sun in the day time; and at night they were cooped up below in the foul and poisoned atmosphere of the ship's hold. These pitiable wretches were often unable to straighten themselves properly for weeks after the voyage, and thousands died on the way, their bodies being thrown into the sea.

In ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

These are the woes of slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry from unknown graves,
'We are the witnesses.'

If three hundred slaves were wanted, five hundred would be shipped, on the principle of 'the survival of the fittest.' The trials of the voyage weeded out the weak, and left only the strongest and best.

Maybe in some cases these poor creatures fared fairly well in slavery—being well fed and cared for, and though having to work hard, after a time, they grew tolerably content and happy with their lot. But such cases were accidental, and depended upon the humanity of the master, and still more upon the kindness of the driver, and were by no means the normal state of things. Of course it was to the slave-owner's advantage to treat his slaves well, on the same principle that it does not pay to illtreat or starve your horse.

The position of these poor creatures was most abject. They had no rights, and the laws were all against them and in favour of the master. This opened the door for all kinds of inhumanity and abuse, it being practically impossible to get either protection or justice. There is little doubt that the terrible stories of cruelty, oppression, and murder, told of these old times, are only too true; and some of the worst will never be revealed till 'The Great Day.'

The following facts regarding the treatment of these poor innocent and helpless persons cannot be denied. They give a faint idea of what life must have been under such conditions. They were kept in deepest ignorance, not being allowed to be taught

the most meagre elements of education, but left without any kind of religious instruction and deprived of all privileges of the gospel and of the Church. They were strictly forbidden to enter a place of worship. On the authority of the Rev. J. R. Moore, preaching at the Pro-Cathedral, Demerara, on the Jubilee of the Emancipation in 1888, we have it that in Berbice many years before the abolition of slavery, there was a church with this inscription: '*Negroes and dogs are not permitted to enter here.*' No man in those days with a black complexion, be he slave or freeman, could enter a jury box. A negro dared not raise his hand to strike a white man, even in self-defence. His word would never be believed or taken in evidence in a court of law. He was not allowed to marry. He was treated in all respects as though he had no soul, and when he died, was buried 'with the burial of an ass.'

The slave-owner had practically unlimited power over the bodies and lives of his slaves. Runaways were sometimes hung from hooks stuck in their ribs, or put into the stocks or into an iron band with the initials of the estate, or their master, in bold relief upon it. Others were branded on their bare skins with hot irons, just as cattle are in our days. It is explained that this branding only took place on runaways, but this is doubtful. It would be manifestly equally useful in all cases, and would require to be repeated every time the slave changed his master. The whip and 'cat-o'-nine-tails' were in common use.

Medals were also struck and given 'for judicious and successful treatment of infants born on the

estate.' Such a medal was presented to one Mr. J. Bagot, manager of '*Haus t'Duiven*' Estate, by the Royal Agricultural Society of Essequibo in 1829. This shows that successful slave-raising at that time was regarded and rewarded much in the same way as successful cattle-breeding is in our own day.

In 1787 William Wilberforce, with Thomas Clarkson, began their Anti-Slave trade agitation in England. Clarkson conducted it throughout the country, whilst Wilberforce took every opportunity of exposing the evils and horrors of the trade in the House of Commons.

In 1823 the Anti-Slavery Society was formed, Wilberforce and Clarkson becoming vice-presidents; and in 1833, after a hard fight of forty-six years, 'The Emancipation Bill' was passed in the House of Commons on the 7th August, receiving the Royal assent on the 28th of the same month. Wilberforce did not live to see the magnificent victory he had fought so nobly to win, for he passed away a month before, on the 29th July, and his body lies in Westminster Abbey, close by those of Pitt, Fox, and Canning. A sum of twenty million sterling was voted as compensation to the planters, and a system of apprenticeship for seven years was established as a transitional preparation for liberty. The slaves were bound to work for their masters three-fourths of the day (18 hours a day), and were liable to punishment if they did not give the due amount of labour. The master in return was to supply them only with food and clothing. The seven years' apprenticeship was afterwards modified to five, so that on the first of August, 1838, instead of in 1840, eighty-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four

poor slaves in the "Land of Mud' were set free! At ten o'clock on the night before that eventful day, they streamed into the chapels throughout the Colony, filling them to overflowing. No one slept a wink that night, but kept watch for the coming of the day that made them free. A few minutes before midnight they all knelt in silent prayer to God, and when the hour of twelve struck they rose and sang the Doxology. After which a great shout of gladness went up to heaven, not only from the 'Land of Mud,' but from all parts of the British Empire, for four million slaves were free!

The opposers of liberation prophesied that all kinds of terrible things would happen if the slaves were set free. They would band themselves together, and rise up in fierce revenge against their former owners, and the streets would run with blood. But these prophets of evil proved to be false prophets. Nothing of the kind has ever occurred. While Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their co-workers were toiling hard in the old country for freedom, the Christian Churches in Guiana, especially those of the London Missionary Society and our own Church, were doing much quiet work, preparing the way in the 'Land of Mud.' In the good providence of God, after all these years, we begin to see that all the effects of slavery have not been evil. The negro can take up Joseph's words to his brethren and say: 'Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good.' For as God's hand was upon every event in Joseph's life, making them all work together for the accomplishment of a great purpose, namely, the deliverance of His people, their education and

unification into a great nation, capable of taking possession of the Land of Promise; so, His hand was upon these poor, downtrodden, and despised negroes for good, turning their calamities into spiritual benefits, and bringing them out of a land of darkness, into a country where they have—

Heard the glad sound,
And liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb.

God sometimes sends the gospel to the heathen; at other times, as in this case, He brings the heathen to the gospel.

His Excellency Lord Gormanston, Governor of British Guiana, speaking at the great public celebration of the Emancipation of the Slaves in 1888, said: 'Had it not been for slavery, the probabilities are, that they (the descendants of the African slaves) would have remained as the people in Africa are, without any sense of religion.'

Since the days of Emancipation the negroes in Guiana, by a hard struggle, through good and evil report, through honour and dishonour and prejudice, have been raising themselves step by step, and by the blessing of God they will continue to rise through all difficulties and discouragements. Every kind of occupation and career is open to them, and by great self-sacrifice and perseverance many of them to-day are occupying positions in the Church, in medicine, in the law, in education and business, and are a credit to themselves and the Colony. Offices of trust, responsibility, and emolument, once closed to them, they are filling to-day with honour and distinction to themselves, and with benefit to society.

Photo, W. H. Stephens & Co., Demerara.

Upper Water Street—Post Office Tower on left, Market Tower in distance.

[Face page 108

The negroes are growing in intelligence, and the powers that once forbade to their fathers the smallest smattering of learning, in the Jubilee Year of Emancipation spent on their education in Guiana $110,071.43 (£22,931 10s. 11½d.). Caste and colour prejudice are slowly dying, and a better and more friendly feeling is springing up between the whites and the coloured population. There can be no doubt concerning their future being both bright and prosperous, if they are only true to their God, their religion, themselves, their fellow men, and their king and country.

On August 1, 1888, the year before my arrival in the Colony, the Jubilee of the Emancipation of the Slaves took place. The celebration was heartily entered into by all classes of the community, and was in every sense worthy of the great occasion. It was a time of abounding joy and gladness. By special ordinance, the Governor proclaimed a public holiday. Crowded thanksgiving services were held in all the churches and special sermons and addresses delivered. A great commemorative concert was held in the Philharmonic Hall, Georgetown, in the evening, when songs composed and set to music by the natives were sung. The following is a sample of the words :

Forward ! sons of Africa :
  March in progress' train !
Now in far America
  Yoked no more in chain.
'Forward ! ' let your watchword be,
  Forward, brethren ! you are free :
Forward ! 'tis your jubilee ;
  Rise and wisdom gain,

Chorus—
Forward! sons of Africa;
Though far o'er the sea;
Yet in far America,
Chant your Jubilee.

Forward! freeborn, onward move!
Brethren of mankind!
Forward, onward, strive to improve,
Elevate your mind.
Be not deaf to progress' call;
Forward brethren! march on all!
You can rise, both great and small,
None should lag behind.

Forward, onward, upward rise!
Grasp a nobler fate:
Cultivate the gift that lies
Dormant and innate!
You no more in serfdom kept,
Fifty summers have not slept,
Have not mourned and have not wept
'Neath the tyrant's weight.

Forward! try to imitate
Others who have striven
Hard to gain a nobler state,
Which at last is given.
Join the Ethiopic hand
In one vast, colossal band—
In one unity so grand,
As is that in heaven!

—*T. R. F. Elliott.*

Slavery in Dutch Guiana was not abolished for some years after its abolition in British Guiana. But at length the power of a good example prevailed. At various times young slaves would run away and try to swim the Corentyne River to the land of freedom on the other side. The following story is told by my old friend and colleague, Rev. H. V. P. Bronkhurst: 'One night four young strong slaves

left an estate in Nickerie, intending to go as far up in the bush as they could, and then swim the Corentyne to the land of freedom. They were missed and pursued sooner than they expected, and had therefore to take to the river much lower down than they had intended. One was caught, another was drowned, but the other two got safely over, though in a terribly exhausted state from exertion and fever. They hid in the bush for several days, living upon wild fruit, and then made their way towards the inhabited parts of Berbice. These two men I knew well (says he). The greatest trouble to one of them was that he had left his mother behind him. In 1855 he got a gentleman who was going to Nickerie to try to buy his mother for him. But the offer was refused, and she died in slavery. In 1863 circumstances changed, and with "freedom" looming in the distance, he learnt that the young master was willing to sell his slaves; and he then, through an agent, purchased his sister for $300, for two of her children he paid $240, for her baby $6, and for his brother's eldest son $120—the whole lot for $720, or £150 sterling.'

Strange stories are told of the doings in those dark old days. The following are a few samples: Many years ago, on one of the cotton plantations in Berbice, the manager of the estate was missing. He had gone out one morning on his horse, since when no trace of either him or his horse could be found. In those days news and everything else travelled slowly. There were no telegraphs or railway trains, not even postal arrangements. The only communication one estate had with another, or with the town, was by water. Thus, many days

elapsed before the manager's absence caused any alarm. A search was made for him in every part of the Colony, but nowhere could he be found. No one had seen him, or knew anything about him. At length, one of two conclusions was arrived at. Either he had followed some animal into the bush, intending to shoot it, and had got lost ; or, for some reason or other, he had disposed of his horse, and left the Colony.

Years rolled away. The estate changed hands, and the event was almost forgotten. One day, the new proprietor gave orders for a trench to be widened and deepened on the estate. During the operations the diggers came upon the skeleton of a man and the stirrup of a saddle. The master had these removed, when the conviction came upon him that they were the remains of the long-lost manager and his horse. But how came they there? That was the puzzle! The old slaves were sought out, and assured that nothing should be done to them if they would only tell the truth. The slave who struck the fatal blow was dead.

And this was the story : One morning the ' massa ' came into the field where they were hoeing cotton plants. Without a word, he gave a severe cut with his big whip across the back of a tall and powerful slave ; who, in the pain of the moment, swung round and dealt his assailant a hard blow on the back of the head with his hoe. The man fell from his horse, dead. The slaves were filled with consternation. They held a swift council, decided to kill the horse, and bury them both in the canal ; and this was done with all speed. Two dams, or ' stop offs,' as they are called, were put into the canal, and the water

baled out between. A deep hole, large enough to contain both man and horse, was dug at the bottom of the trench, and into it the bodies were laid, and covered up with earth ; then the dams were removed, the water flowing over once more ; and before the master was missed, various events had destroyed all traces of the tragedy.

Another estate in Berbice was nicknamed 'Egypt'—by reason of the cruelty practised on it by the planters. As the slaves got to know a little Bible history, they gave it the name of 'Egypt.' One form of cruelty perpetrated was to put the slaves into a big iron boiler, and beat it with large hammers until the ears of the poor wretches burst.

Near by was a row of graves of past managers and planters who had died there. The cruelty inflicted upon them caused these wretched slaves to band themselves together, in solemn oath, to be avenged upon their tormentors. No manager or overseer was to live more than six months on that estate.

How this came to the knowledge of the minister was as follows. He was sent for in great haste to visit an old dying woman. She couldn't die, she said, until she had seen the minister. When all but he were out of the sick-room, she told him how she had poisoned all these planters and overseers on the estate. 'Yet,' she said, 'if I hadn't done it (she was the cook), the other slaves would have killed me.'

Schools for the slaves' children began to be organized during the apprenticeship years, and the British and Foreign Bible Society on August 1, 1838, presented a copy of the Scriptures to all who

could read the first few verses in the first chapter of John. Before emancipation, some of the slaves had a great desire to learn to read, as the following story illustrates. They had come into possession of a little book of the alphabet published by the Sunday School Union of those days for the use of children. This, of course, was contraband. They did not know where to hide it, their clothes being so scanty that even so small a book could hardly be successfully hidden upon them. So they concealed it in a bundle of grass. One night, in the moonlight, one of them was trying to air his learning, by teaching the alphabet to a few others from this book. They were caught, and next day were all summoned to the manager's house and flogged. The teacher got a double dose, being flogged first, and then again, last.

One poor old man occasionally got permission to go and hear the missionary. On his return, he would sometimes try to report all he could remember of what he had heard to his friends.

This came to the manager's ears, and he was sent for.

'William!' said he, 'How much does the missionary pay you for teaching the people?'

'Nutten, sah!' was the answer.

'And how much does Mr. So-and-So (the attorney of the estate) pay you?'

Again the reply was: 'Nutten, sah!'

'Then I will pay you,' said he, and, after having him flogged, he gave him an hour a day for a week on the tread-wheel.

Such were 'de ole slabe times' in the 'Land of Mud.'

A poor old slave, infirm and lame,
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth.

CHAPTER XII

'THE DEMERARA MARTYR'

THE story of John Smith, the Demerara Martyr, is one of pathetic interest. The 'Land of Mud' has added at least one name to that illustrious band of men and women who have laid down their lives for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the heathen.

The Rev. John Smith was a native of Northamptonshire, being born in the village of Rothwell, in that county, on the 27th of June, 1790. When quite young he lost his father, and his mother was too poor to give him any education. At fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a tradesman in London, who took a great liking to the boy, on account of his cheerful and willing disposition. Up to that age, all the learning he possessed he had obtained in the Sunday school.

His master, perceiving how young Smith's education had been neglected, gave him private lessons. The lad proved himself a diligent and apt scholar, and his progress was most marked.

For a time, like many another young man, he found the temptations of London too great for him. He became indifferent to good things, left off going to Sunday school, and lived a careless life. Eventually, he heard the Rev. John Leifchild preach, and under that sermon he was brought back to the Sunday school and to God. He soon began to work

in the church, and all his spare moments he diligently devoted to the improvement of his mind. On coming out of his apprenticeship, he felt divinely led to offer himself to the London Missionary Society as a missionary; and after suitable training, was ordained and sent out to Guiana. He arrived in the 'Land of Mud' on the 27th of February, 1817.

In those days, all strangers coming to the Colony had to present themselves to the Governor, and ask his permission to remain. In accordance with this custom, Mr. Smith duly presented himself, and this is the account he gives of the event.

'His Excellency frowned upon me. He asked me what I had come to do, and how I proposed to instruct the negroes? I answered: 'By teaching them to read, by teaching them Dr. Watts's Catechism, and by preaching the gospel in a plain manner.' To which he replied sharply: 'If you ever teach a negro to read, and I hear of it, I will banish you from the Colony immediately.'

In 1823, the year of the formation of the Anti-Slavery Society, Sir T. Fowell Buxton (after whom the village of Buxton on the East Coast of Demerara is named, and a member of the above society) moved on the 5th of May, in the British House of Commons, the following resolution: 'That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution and of the Christian Religion, and that it ought to be abolished gradually throughout the British Colonies, with as much expedition as may be found consistent, with the due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned.'

This gave rise to a long discussion and various

amendments; but in the end, a well-conceived series of measures of reform was proposed to the Colonial authorities.

Thereupon a general outcry was raised by the slave-owners at what they considered the acquiescence of the Government in the aims of the Anti-Slavery Party. Very unwisely, an attempt was made in Demerara to conceal from the knowledge of the slaves the arrival of the 'Order in Council' from the British House of Commons. The slaves knew that something was afoot, and not being officially enlightened, all kinds of rumours got afloat, until the impression seized their minds that they had been set at liberty. Thereupon they refused to work, and claimed their freedom. Compulsion was resorted to, which the slaves resisted. Martial law was then proclaimed, and the disturbance put down with great severity.

A very different method of official procedure was adopted in Berbice from that in Demerara. The 'Order of Council' by official command was publicly read and explained, and all was peaceful. Had the same course been followed in Demerara, the terrible trouble which ensued would no doubt have been avoided.

For the insurrection which subsequently took place, the Rev. John Smith was blamed. The following quotation from Mr. Smith's diary will give his version of the affair:

'*July* 25, 1823.

'Qamina of Success came to inquire if I had heard the report that the King had sent out orders to the Government to free the slaves. I told him

I had not heard of it, and that, if such a report was in circulation, it must not be believed, for it was false. He said he was sure there was something in it, and he wished to know what it was. He said his son, Jack Gladstone, heard it last Sunday, from Daniel the Governor's servant, who heard his master talking about it with some gentlemen.'

This false news, thus started, flew like wildfire all along the east coast, and the slaves got greatly excited. To make matters worse, an official notice had been issued that no slave was to go to any place of worship without special permission from their master—and their burdens, rather than being lightened, had been increased.

In this wild excitement, some of the ringleaders formed a conspiracy, whereby they hoped to seize the estates' firearms, then put the managers and overseers in the stocks—of which there were plenty everywhere—afterwards proceed to Georgetown and demand from the Governor the freedom that had been sent out to them from England.

On the 18th of August they put their plans into operation. That Mr. Smith knew of the tremendous dissatisfaction among the slaves, there can be no doubt, for every person of average intelligence in the Colony knew that; but of their conspiracy he knew absolutely nothing. As Mr. and Mrs. Smith were returning from their evening walk on the above day, they heard a great noise, and on inquiring what it was, they were informed that the slaves had attacked the house of the manager at Plantation

Le Resouvenir, and were demanding that the firearms should be given to them.

Mr. Smith at once proceeded to the spot, and begged them to desist, but without any avail; they were already beyond control.

Some of them treated him with great disrespect, told him to go home, and leave them alone, at the same time brandishing their cutlasses in his face in a menacing manner. He, however, prevailed upon them not to put the manager into the stocks. Similar outrages were being enacted at the same time on other estates, and some of the managers were actually fastened in the stocks.

Four days after the above, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were arrested, and placed in the old Court-house jail. Here he lay for seven long weeks—from August 22 to October 13—without even writing materials by which to communicate with the Missionary Society in London.

On the 13th of October, Mr. Smith was brought out and tried by court-martial—the charges against him being four: the substance of these was, that he had purposely misinformed the slaves about their freedom, in order to stir up rebellion. His judges were burning with rage, hatred, and vengeance against this innocent and solitary man. On the 24th of November he was found guilty, and condemned to death by hanging; but recommended to mercy.

His house and church were both confiscated from the London Missionary Society, and handed over to the Church of England, and only restored after the matter had been brought before the English Parliament many years afterwards. After the sentence of

death had been passed upon him he was forced to draw a bill on the Missionary Society for the cost of his trial, in one corner of which he wrote, in small letters, '2 Cor. iv. 8, 9,' where we have the very appropriate and touching words: 'We are troubled on every side, but not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.'

In the meantime, the case came before the House of Commons in England, and the treatment of the missionary, John Smith, was handled with great ability by Lord Brougham, and strong feeling awakened in this country against the slave-owners.

No doubt, had Mr. Smith lived, the sentence of death would never have been carried out, for even those who at first thought him guilty were afterwards quite convinced of his absolute innocence. On the 8th of February, 1824, God took the soul of His suffering servant unto Himself, as he lay under sentence of death in Georgetown jail. His intense sufferings in prison, coupled with the poisonous effluvia arising from the stagnant waters beneath the floor of his cell, undoubtedly hastened his end. He was laid to rest at three o'clock the following morning, in the dark; his broken-hearted widow being denied the poor consolation of following his remains to the grave. His resting-place is between Trinity Wesleyan Church and St. Philip's Anglican Church—about three hundred yards from the mission-house, in which the author lived.

After his burial, the grave was bricked over and railed round; but so great was the bitterness of those days that the planters successfully used their great influence to get these removed, and thus to

wipe out all traces of his resting-place. And so it comes to pass that to-day no man can tell the exact spot where the body of John Smith, the Demerara Martyr, lies. But there stand a beautiful church and manse on the Brick Dam to his memory, called the 'Smith Memorial Church.' '*He, being dead, yet speaketh.*'

No doubt the planters thought Mr. Smith guilty of the charges brought against him, and their powerful influence had much to do with the verdict and sentence. But those were exciting days, and the feelings which were running so high probably made it difficult, if not impossible, to give Mr. Smith a fair trial.

The whole of the east coast was in a state of panic, and people fled for their lives. Two thousand slaves were in mad revolt, many of them armed. About two hundred of these slaves were shot, on refusing to lay down their arms. One or two whites were killed and others injured. Some of the slaves betook themselves to the bush—they were shot down, hanged, and gibbeted in scores, many were daily sentenced to death, and others to receive as many as a thousand lashes with the 'cat-o'-nine-tails,' some dying under it. The Governor of the Colony was shot at, as he went to reason with them. Vengeance was in the breasts of the slave-owners. It had to descend upon some one, and it fell upon the head of one who had done much for the slaves, but who never incited them to rebellion.

As the years have slowly passed since John Smith went to his reward, the conviction of his innocence has deepened, until to-day no one believes him guilty of the crime for which he gave his life.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest,
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia!

CHAPTER XIII

MORE MISSIONARY JOURNEYS

TRAVELLING in the ' Land of Mud ' is performed in a great variety of ways. Besides the useful little buggy, the tramcars in the city, the batteaux on the rivers, and the mules on the sugar plantations, there was a railway line some twenty miles along the east coast, in my day (it may be much longer now) ; then there were steamers, to and from Berbice and Essequibo, from Georgetown ; and last, though by no means least—as speakers say—there was a coach, driven from Mahaica to Berbice and back, two or three days a week. It is of a journey in this coach I write, the happy memory of which is with me still.

If you intend travelling to Berbice by the coach, you must book your seat some days before, as it only holds about four inside and one outside, on the box, with the driver. I booked my seat in good time, and on the day made my way to Mahaica by means of the Demerara Railway, where I found my coach waiting, with three fine mules yoked into it, and a black driver, whip in hand, ready for the journey. I was glad to find my only travelling companions were my friend the Venerable Archdeacon Thomas Farrar, B.D., rector of All Saints',

Berbice, and another much younger clergyman, whose name I forget.

The coach was antique in design and rather ramshackle. The Archdeacon 'doubted whether it was really safe to carry so many Jonahs.' We objected to the name; 'then,' said he, 'I'm afraid it won't bear such a weight of divinity.' Anyhow, into it we crept, and took our seats; and though we were only three, and the vehicle was supposed to carry four, there was really no room to spare.

The Archdeacon sat on one side, and the curate and myself on the other, and away we jogged. Exactly how long it took us to do the journey, I cannot say. But we left about ten in the morning, and got to the bank of the Berbice River about four in the afternoon, as nearly as I can remember. On and on we drove through the flat but by no means uninteresting country.

It was the dry season, and everywhere seemed to be longing for rain. In various places we came across dead animals—cows, goats, and sheep, that had apparently died of thirst, or maybe some other cause. Some were skeletons, with bones as white and clean as though they had been dead for ages, while others, more recently deceased, were being devoured by carrion crows, and myriads of carnivorous creatures.

As we rumbled over the quiet country roads we got fine glimpses of tropical birds, butterflies, and beetles, with here and there an iguana, lizard, or an alligator. In one locality we were pestered by 'gallinippers,' as they call a large species of mosquito, said to be able to push its proboscis through kid, and take its toll of blood. Once or twice we stopped

for a change of mules, when we got out, straightened our legs, and refreshed our inner man. As we moved along, now running, now walking, we beguiled the time in profitable and enjoyable conversation.

The Archdeacon was grand company, and could enjoy as well as tell a capital story, of which he had a great store. He was a most genial and friendly man, and never came to Georgetown without a call at the Wesleyan Mission House; and whenever I went to Berbice, if he knew of my coming, which somehow he generally did, he would invariably meet me at the boat, with a cordial invitation to the rectory to tea or breakfast before my return, when he would come and see me off at seven o'clock in the morning.

It is a pleasure to me to write of such brotherliness, and also at the same time to refer to the cordiality of Father Rigby, Roman Catholic priest of Berbice, with whom I took tea on one of my visits, and who afterwards kindly showed me over his church, much of the interior of which he had beautifully decorated himself. It was refreshing in that far-away land to have such happy fellowship with my brethren of these other communions.

Another interesting missionary journey I once took to the island of Waakenaam, in the mouth of the Essequibo River. This island is about twelve miles long by about three broad, and the name, which is Dutch, signifies 'wanting a name.' The journey is made by steamer from Demerara, and takes several hours to accomplish. Having a series of meetings to conduct there, it necessitated an absence from home of several days. Everything necessary during my stay on the island I had to carry with me: food, drink, hammock for sleeping purposes, &c.

The days were largely spent in pastoral visitation; and each evening, meetings were conducted in various churches. After these were over, and the people had gone home, the church was turned into a bedroom. My hammock was slung across, and after a little supper and prayer, and other necessary preparations, I would turn into my swinging bed.

Hammocks are not the most comfortable resting-places, at least that was my experience. They throw you all into a heap, and should you wish to turn over in the night, you run a serious risk of being tumbled on to the floor. Besides which, they afford you no protection from flies and mosquitoes, whose singing and bites make sleep almost impossible; then the slightest movement sets the whole thing swinging, which may be well for babies, but to me was objectionable. But on the principle of 'what cannot be cured, must be endured,' the missionary must do the best he can, and be thankful. A little serving boy would bear me company, and find the floor of the church apparently a most delightful bed. How I envied the sleeping powers of my little negro friend! In an almost incredibly short space of time from my saying, 'Good night, my boy, sleep good!' and his reply, 'Good night, sah!' he would be fast rocked in the arms of slumber, his sonorous snore blending with the music of the rest of the living creatures around me.

How long and strange the nights seemed! and how welcome was the morning light! We rose as soon as it came.

My little companion brought a supply of water in a large calabash, in which I would sponge and wash, performing my toilet, shaving, &c., by the aid

of a small looking-glass from my dressing-case—then prayers, after which we were ready for breakfast: bread and butter, a little potted meat, a few cakes and fruit (a plentiful supply of the latter being sent by the kind friends and members of the church 'for de ministah!').

When the cold tea and ginger ale ran out, 'Sandy' would climb one of the cocoanut-trees in the churchyard, cut down a supply of green nuts, chop off the top like an egg, with a cutlass, and we would drink the delicious contents. But this always reminded me of drinking buttermilk at home in the summer time—however much you drink, it never really quenches your thirst; but it is a safe drink, the water being very pure and wholesome.

The unmistakable pleasure which the minister's visits gave to these people, the good congregations and the hearty services, and the abounding kindness of the folk, more than compensated for all inconveniences, and made one always eager to go again. The Island of Waakenaam is well cultivated, with several large and prosperous sugar plantations.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OTHER CHURCHES

The 'Land of Mud' is well off for churches. The Wesleyan Methodist Church is in evidence all over the Colony. Connected with its six circuits there are 38 churches (with 3 other preaching-places), 11 missionaries, 5 cathechists, 136 day school teachers, 253 Sunday school teachers, 137 local preachers, 4,596 church members (with 359 on trial), 34 Sunday schools (with 3,131 scholars), 30 day schools (with 4,836 scholars) and 17,000 in average attendance at public worship. In the above is included our Mission to East Indian immigrants.

There are also the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the London Missionary Society, the Moravian Mission, the 'Brethren,' and the Roman Catholics. All these are well established, and have large and numerous churches, schools and mission-houses in all the three counties, and, in some cases, long distances up the rivers, even among the Indians.

There is also a Chinese mission and numerous missions to the coolies, in connexion with these various Churches. Besides all this, there is as noble and brave a band of missionaries and missionaries' wives as are to be found in any part of the world. Some have spent almost a lifetime in the Colony, others have laid down their lives there, and their bodies rest far from their native land.

The Churches in Guiana have done, and are still doing, a magnificent work for Jesus Christ. There remains much still to be accomplished, but by the blessing of God, it will be done. It is a deep delight to bear this honest testimony to the apostolic labours and success of the sister Churches in Guiana, and of the brotherly feeling that exists among them, seldom marred by exhibitions of sectarian bitterness and bigotry.

CHAPTER XV

CRYSTALS AND NUGGETS

'DEMERARA' means sugar. If you go into any grocery establishment in Great Britain and ask for a 'pound of Demerara,' you will instantly be supplied with what are, or profess to be, the famous crystals.

The sight of a field of sugar canes ready for cutting is one of the most glorious that eyes can look upon, and something never to be forgotten. There they stand, like a mighty army of cavalry, with waving plumes, about ten feet high. When ready for reaping, these canes are cut down by hand, by means of large knives, about two feet long, called 'cutlasses.' Then they are loaded into large flat-bottomed iron boats, called 'punts,' which, when filled, are drawn by mules along the canals, which lead to the mill and intersect the plantation. On arrival at the factory they are unloaded, and put between the revolving, ponderous, corrugated iron rollers, where they are crushed into pulp, the juice (a yellow, muddy-looking liquid) flowing into a series of big tanks, in which it is boiled, until it resembles a dark, thick treacly mass. Then it is put into a large pan, the sides of which are full of small holes, called the 'vacuum pan,' or 'centrifugal'; and whizzed round at an almost inconceivable pace—many thousands of revolutions a minute. This separates the molasses from the crystals, which

are afterwards dug out of the vacuum pan, and filled into sacks, ready for exportation.

Rum is made from the skimmings of the juice, taken off when boiling, and, as we have seen, molasses are another by-product in the manufacture of these famous crystals. The green tops of the canes are cut off before being sent to the mill, and are used as plants for future canes. After the ground has been prepared, they are planted in rows about four feet apart and about a foot between each plant. Soon they strike root from the lower joint and become new canes. In about a year from planting, the whole field resembles an impenetrable jungle, except at intervals where ditches and drains break the continuity. 'A cane piece' is planted about every three years. The plants spring up for a second and third year when cut down, without replanting; but become poorer and smaller each year; and are called 'firsts,' 'seconds,' and 'thirds.'

Besides these golden crystals for which Guiana has been famous so long, it is becoming almost equally famous for its gold nuggets and gold dust—until, after so long a time, it would seem as though Sir Walter Raleigh's dreams had some objective reality. That there *was* gold in the interior was believed even as far back as the time of the Dutch occupation; and various attempts were made to get it; but finding it far too expensive, the search was abandoned.

About the year 1856 another brave attempt was made to find the precious metal, and traces of it were discovered in many places. A company was formed to exploit the region, with promising results; but

Photo, W. H. Stephens & Co., Demerara.

View of Georgetown from Market Tower, looking East.

[Face page 132.

on account of the difficulties and expense, its search was abandoned once more. Nothing was done again till about the year 1880, some nine years before my arrival in the Colony. A rumour was spread that a number of Frenchmen from Cayenne, in the employ of a prominent Georgetown merchant, had discovered gold, and were carrying on the search in the Puruni River, a branch of the Mazaruni. Not long after this quite a large number of expeditions set out, and Puruni became famous as a rich gold-field. Gold washing was allowed to go on for some time, without the interference of the Government; but in 1884 regulations were made controlling the industry, and royalties were imposed. The gold upon which royalty was paid that year amounted to 250 ounces; in 1885, 939 ounces; 1886 marked a tremendous advance, royalty being paid on no less than 6,518 ounces. From that time till 1891 the quantity of gold about doubled each year, the output in the latter year being no less than 101,297 ounces, valued at nearly two million dollars, or about £400,000 sterling; in which was one nugget weighing 509 ounces, valued at £1,067 7*s.* 7*d.*

The whole district between the Essequibo and the Orinoco was prospected, with the result that the Barima and Barama Rivers were found to be equally as auriferous as the Puruni; while rich finds have been made at Potaro and in the Upper Demerara. When I left the Colony in 1903 the industry was growing rapidly, and was only regarded as in its infancy. On account of the very long distances and difficulties to be encountered, every expedition has to be well provided with food, medicines, tools, and everything necessary for a tedious and perilous

journey. Often it takes two or three weeks to reach the spot; the members of the expedition having to paddle up rivers, encounter strong and dangerous currents, and camp in forests at night. They are sometimes scorched by the sun, then drenched by the rain. Often fever seizes them, not infrequently proving fatal; others being drowned in boat accidents.

Many of the 'placers,' as they are called, are very picturesque, situate in lovely ravines, beneath the shadow of the mighty forests. The gold is found by washing and by the use of quicksilver, the finest of the gold being captured by the quicksilver and afterwards recovered. Near by are built rude sheds, in which the men keep their supplies, and where they hang their hammocks and sleep.

In 1891 no less than twenty thousand men were registered as labourers in this industry, serving on the 'placers,' on an average, about three months at a time; so that there were always some five thousand at the diggings, at one time. These labourers are mostly negroes, the East Indian not being strong enough for the work. Many have lost their money, others their health, and some their lives, in search of the precious metal; whilst not a few have done exceedingly well.

> Gold! Gold! Gold!
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Heavy to get, and light to hold,
> Spurned by the young
> And hugged by the old,
> To the very verge of the churchyard mould.
> Gold! Gold! Gold!

To provide for the spiritual needs of the gold diggers

when out in the bush was a somewhat difficult matter; yet something had been done in my day; and no doubt since then things have greatly improved in that respect. The Churches are fully alive to their responsibility; but, like the Churches at home, they have not always 'the ways and means.'

CHAPTER XVI

'ODDS AND ENDS'

THE 'odds and ends' of which this chapter is composed are upon such questions as government, water supply, drainage, shipping, newspapers, and sundry other matters of more or less consequence to those interested in this strange country.

The political constitution of Guiana in my day was peculiar and somewhat unique. It has since been greatly modified, I believe. The following, taken from an official record, will give some idea of its nature:

'The executive power is vested in the Governor, who exercises a direct supervision over the whole machinery of the administrative department of the Government.

'The legislative authority is exercised by a body of ten, termed the "Court of Policy," including the Governor, the Attorney General, the Government Secretary, the Emigration Agent General, and the Auditor General. The remaining five members are selected by the Court from a double nomination sent up by a body called the "College of Electors"; consisting of seven members, holding office for life, who are elected according to districts, by a duly qualified constituency.

'The "Court of Policy" has of itself no financial authority, the Annual Taxes being voted, and the

annual expenditure, settled by it, only when combined with another body of six members, termed the "College of Financial Representatives," elected in the same way as the College of Electors, each member holding office for two years only, but being eligible for re-election.

'The Court thus assembled is called the "Combined Court." The Combined Court meets when summoned by the Governor, for the purposes of passing the annual estimates and raising the taxes.

'The Court of Policy has nominally quarterly meetings, but usually meets two or three times a month, and may be summoned to meet at the Governor's pleasure.'

The Roman-Dutch law is in force in civil cases, with slight modifications; while the Criminal Law is based upon that of Great Britain. Besides a police magistrate for Georgetown, there are thirteen districts, each with a stipendiary magistrate appointed by the Secretary of State.

The chief water supply of the Colony is rain, some 130 inches falling every year. It is caught and stored in big wooden vats, by those who can afford them, and by the poorer inhabitants in tubs and barrels, and should it be running short at any time, these are locked. There are no springs or wells, as might be imagined on this bed of mud one hundred feet thick—nor are there any clear and sparkling streams, or rivers of fresh water.

There is, however, an arrangement by which water is drained into a canal from the bush behind, called the 'Lamaha.' This water is distributed over the city by pipes, and is available in case of fire; it is also very useful for bathing and washing purposes

when it is needful to conserve the rain water. This 'Lamaha' water is stained with vegetable matter, and much resembles weak tea; but it is neither nice nor wholesome to drink.

At Mazaruni is the penal settlement for convicts, and in Georgetown and other parts of the Colony are large and well-appointed public hospitals, private ones being provided on all the sugar plantations. At Mahaica there is an asylum for lepers.

Demerara is the great shipping centre for the 'Land of Mud,' and large numbers of vessels from all parts of the world may generally be seen anchored off her banks. Ships from the United States bring large quantities of ice and other delicacies—sometimes landing sheep, which are much appreciated by the inhabitants, especially by the Europeans—for the Demerara beef and mutton are dry, flavourless, and tough.

Money is much cheaper in Guiana than in England—a sovereign only having about two-thirds the purchasing power of the same coin in this country. Dutch, American, and English money are current, but little gold is in circulation, a good deal of paper money being in use.

Ice is not a luxury but a necessity in Guiana. Without it your butter would be oil, and much waste would result; besides which, you would never be able to get a really cold drink. A great trade is done in this commodity. During my stay in the place, an ice factory was established on the bank of the Demerara, in the centre of Water Street. Water was pumped from the river, condensed, and then frozen into great blocks, some hundredweights in size. I once paid a visit to this interesting

factory. I had almost forgotten what cold was like, and so anticipated a treat. I was, however, very glad to get out again. The pipes were covered with frost, and it felt like the Arctic Regions. Winter! within seven degrees of the Equator!

In the 'Land of Mud' they have for years boasted a daily paper, but it wasn't sold at a halfpenny. I believe the price of it was four cents (twopence). A weekly paper called the *Argosy* was a specimen of up-to-date journalism, with frequent illustrations and letterpress, hitting off the humorous side of negro life, somewhat on the lines of *Punch*. This excellent paper was edited and published by a Mr. James Thompson, and sold at eight cents per copy (fourpence). Besides these already named, there were several other weekly and bi-weekly newspapers, of more or less consequence; and each day important items of news were cabled from England, keeping us in touch with the 'wagging of the world.'

There was a gasworks and gas lamps in the streets of the city; but electric light had recently made its appearance, and put them somewhat in the shade. Churches and public buildings, and some few dwellings were illuminated by gas; while many of the houses in the town, and all in the country, used paraffin lamps.

Among other things in Georgetown we had a modern rubbish destructor, which doubtless did much for the health and sweetness of the place. The streets of Guiana are clean and free from smells. A great trade, however, is done in dry salt cod fish, and in certain quarters this popular article of diet gives off a harmless yet rather offensive odour.

So much for the 'Odds and Ends.'

CHAPTER XVII

NEGRO PROVERBS

THE negroes are philosophers, as the following proverbial sayings will show. These proverbs are perhaps not so much used in the 'Land of Mud' as in some of the West India Islands, particularly Jamaica.

There is perhaps no race of people upon earth that has been more unfortunate in some respects than the Black race. They have been misunderstood, maligned, misrepresented, and oppressed. Some have gone so far in their prejudice against the negro as to deny him manhood, and to maintain that he was only a kind of superior baboon.

The following will be an answer to all such people and theories. These proverbs reveal sufficient head and heart to entitle them to a place in the great human family, and not as the least worthy members of that family. In them we shall see perception, observation, comparison, reason, logic, wit, humour, drollery, pathos, satire, and every other quality of brain and heart that marks man as the head of God's creation.

The originators of these proverbial sayings were no monkeys, but 'men and brothers.' The age of these proverbs is a mystery. Undoubtedly many of them have been brought from Africa in slave times. How long they have been in use

there no one can tell. Maybe some of them are as old as Solomon's proverbs, for anything we know; while others bear marks of purely West Indian and Guianese origin. In these sayings of the negro, let us behold a crystallization of his philosophy, a revelation of his mind and heart; then we shall understand him better, and possibly learn something from him.

Rocka tone a ribber bottom, don't know what rocka tone a road feel. (*Rockstone at the river bottom does not know what the rockstone on the road feels.*)

Which means, it is difficult, if not impossible, for persons in one set of circumstances to understand the feelings of others in a wholly different set of circumstances. For example, for the rich to understand the feelings of the poor; the well, the sufferings of the sick; the strong, the experiences of the weak.

The beautiful force of this saying is brought out when we remember the tropical climate. The stone at the bottom of the river is in a cool, restful, undisturbed position. The stone on the road is exposed to the dust, glare, and heat of a burning sun, and is kicked about and run over a hundred times a day. We say: 'Put yourself in his place,' and 'one half the world does not know how the other half lives.'

This proverb would seem to be indigenous to Guiana, being a land of rivers; and teaches a beautiful lesson of sympathy.

Jackass say: de worl' no lebel. (*The ass says: the world is not level.*)

This is the negro's way of expressing the idea that

things are unequal in this world. Some things never can be equal. We are so different, but some things have not been equal to the black man, which ought to have been—equality of privilege, opportunity, and justice.

Again: 'The ass, as he drags his cart along, finds the world is not level.'—There are 'ups and downs' in life. These wise sayings are often put into the mouths of animals. The poor African has had good reason to say—'Jackass say, de worl' no lebel.'

The following is a lesson for young people to keep out of unsuitable company:

Jackass hab no business at de bull fight. (*The ass has no business at a bull fight.*)

Imagine an ass at a bull fight, and you will see the humour and force of this proverb.

Goats are very plentiful in the country, and by their habits have lent themselves to negro philosophizing. A goat will frequently break its rope and wander away, and, finding plenty to eat, will sometimes be missing for days; but should it meet with bad treatment, or misfortune of any kind, it will lose no time in returning home. So the prodigal, coming back to his father's house in misery and want, will be reminded by his wise old parent: *When trouble ketch goat, him find his massa yard.*

The provident mother will remind her little greedy boy, who would eat up all to-day, caring nothing for the morrow—that he must *Knam some, lef some, 'member to-morrow.* (*Eat some, leave some, remember to-morrow.*)

The human habit, so common to us all, of pointing out other people's failings and overlooking our own, is expressed in the following with rare force and beauty:

Finger nebber say, look here, him always say, look yonder. (*The index finger never points inwardly, to oneself, but always outwardly, to another.*)

Ingratitude, too, has its fitting proverbial rebuke in the following striking words:

When fowl drink, him lift his head and say: tank God! tank God! But, when man drink, him say nutten (*nothing*).

If the reader will watch a fowl drink, he will see how wonderfully like 'Thank God! thank God' its action is, as it lifts its head to swallow the water.

> Blow, blow, thou wintry wind—
> Thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude.

The negro is not ungrateful.

Gluttony and indiscretion in eating and what follows are humorously described in the proverb: *What sweet man's mout', hurts man's tummock* (*stomach*).

Unfortunate marriages, and incompatibility of temper in husband and wife, have been the subject of proverbial observation, and have found expression in the quaint saying: *Marriage hab teet* (*teeth*), *and him bite berry hot.*

We say, 'Marriage is a lottery.'

When the African wishes to express the impossible, he does not say as we do, 'that will happen, when

pigs begin to fly,' but *Dat will happen, when mosquito pull chigger out ob sand-fly foot wid a crowbar.*

The expressive force of this will be seen when the reader knows that a mosquito is only the size of an ordinary English gnat, and that the sand-fly is no bigger than a grain of sand, and the chigger (chegoe) is a very small insect that gets into one's feet, and buries itself under the skin, where it lays its eggs and causes great irritation and intense itching, and has to be removed by means of a fine needle.

A more humorous and forceful expression of the impossible it would be difficult to conceive.

The pilfering propensities of the black race have often been the subject of the white man's jest. The following is a powerful reply: *When black man tief, him tief half a bit* (2d.), *but when white man tief, him tief a whole sugar plantation.*

There is much truth in this saying—to wit, the Liverpool bank fraud, when a clerk and his confederates robbed a bank of no less than £170,000.

The black man pilfers, the white man steals wholesale.

The horrible habit of lying also comes in for a share of philosophizing, and its worthlessness and utter helplessness in always requiring another lie to prop it up, are finely expressed in the saying: *Lie like toda* (*soda*) *water bottle, can't 'tan' up.*

And that telling an untruth in order to hide a wrong action, is worse than the wrong action itself, is expressed in the proverb: *De lie, worse dan de sore.*

The lie is worse than the wrong deed meant to cover it up.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

In urging young people to keep out of danger, the instinct of the cockroach to avoid fowls who would devour him is used to point the lesson in the following quaint way: *Cockroach ebber so drunk, him no walk in de fowl yard.*

Here is a sensible piece of advice to young people not to give up the help of wiser heads before they are wise and strong themselves; *If you no' done climb hill, don't trow away you stick.*

Putting on a smile in order to hide one's anger or chagrin, is charmingly hit off in the following: *Not ebery skin teet a laugh.* (*Not every time a man shows his teeth is he laughing.*) People sometimes laugh to keep themselves from crying.

'Tall talk,' in which some people love to indulge, and exaggeration, are replied to as follows: *Big word nebber crack man's jaw-bone.*

We say: 'Their geese are always swans'; 'their bark is worse than their bite'; 'great cry and little wool.'

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.

Extreme and unnecessary curiosity is humorously illustrated in the proverb:

Flea say, him rader hab man wid two yies fi catch him, dan for blind man fi hold him. (*The flea says*

he would rather have a man with two eyes to catch him, than for a blind man to hold him).

The man with two eyes will be curious to see him, then he will jump away; not so with the blind man.

Thomas Carlyle says: 'No man ever became a saint in his sleep.' St. Paul says the Christian life is a 'fight,' a 'wrestle,' a 'race'! The negro has realized the same truth, that it is not easy to be good, and he expresses it in the saying: *Go heaben* (*heaven*), *no boy!* We say 'this is no child's play.'

The need of great care and tact in handling delicate work is beautifully expressed as follows:

Softly, softly, ketch (*catch*) *monkey!* 'He that is *wise, winneth* souls.'

No loud, blustering fellow will catch many monkeys, and the same is true of much besides.

The need of keeping out of the reach of danger and temptation—especially in the case of those who have been rescued from evil, such as the drunkard keeping as far away from the drink as possible—is forcefully and wittily expressed in the proverb:

Nebber let mud-fish tail touch watter.

If you do you will lose it.

The mud-fish is a thick, slippery, strong fish, difficult to hold. He will wriggle and jump, and if near the water, he will be gone! They know the wisdom of keeping as far from the old life as possible, if they would live the new life.

The suddenness and facility with which evil may come, and the difficulty of remedying it,

is well expressed in the saying: *Sickness ride horse come, tak' walk foot, go away.* (*Sickness rides on a horse when he comes, but he walks away on foot.*)

How soon a man may get a cold or fever, but how long and tedious a matter it is to get free from it again!

A character it has taken years to form may be blighted in a moment.

The wisdom of making the best of a bad job, and turning evil into good, is seen in the proverb:

Your enemy gib you basket to fetch watter, but ib you be wise, you put plantain-leaf in de. (*Your enemy will give you a basket to fetch water, but if you are wise, you will put a plantain-leaf in the basket.*) The plantain-leaf being broad and strong, if the basket is lined with it, it will hold water. This is what we call 'making the best of a bad job.'

The wisdom of learning from other people's experience, and of paying heed to what we are told by those who are older and have suffered, is strikingly put forth in the proverb,

If mud fish come from ribber bottom, and tell you alligator hab teet, beliebe him.

Don't want to try to test everything for yourself, be willing and ready to learn from others. Do not put your finger into every pie, lest some day you burn your nail off.

This proverb is in all probability also indigenous to Guiana.

The desirability of not being carried away merely by a pretty face, with nothing behind it, in seeking

a wife, but looking for character and inward worth, is urged in the following :

Handsome face ooman, not de bessest kind o' ooman. (*The handsome face woman is not the best kind of woman.*)

' Handsome is that handsome does ! '

The admonition not to talk too loud, and tell all you know ; or to take care how and what you say (for secrets have a way, like murder, of coming out) is quaintly suggested in the proverb : *Wall hab ears, and tump wear hat.* (*Walls have ears and stumps wear hats.*)

To be a secret, it should not be known to more than two, and one should be dead.

Half-heartedness and laziness in the pursuit of any object, and its futility, are set forth, with much force in the humorous saying : *You no ketch flea wid one finger.*

That God loves and cares for the helpless and afflicted, and does for us what we cannot do for ourselves, is charmingly expressed in the words : *When cow tail cut off, God Almighty brush fly for she.*

' God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

Christian Churches would do well to take heed to the next proverb :

Sensa chicken no cry for fedder, but him cry for libben, because him know ib him get libben, he will get fedder. (*The sensible chicken does not cry for feathers, but he cries for food, because he knows if he gets food, he will get feathers.*)

So, sensible Churches will not cry for money, but will cry for souls, because they know that if they get souls, they will get money.

The fact that people who cry out against the preacher, do so because the sermon has 'gone home' to them, is amusingly set before us in this :

When you trow rocka tone into de pigsty, de pig you hear say, 'qui ! qui !' is de pig you hit. (*When you throw a stone into a pigsty, the pig you hear say 'qui ! qui !' is the pig you hit.*)

Another proverb says :

Love and cough can't hide.

The fact that a man does something unworthy, or fails to rise to his duty, indicates something wrong with his heart. This is expressed in the saying :

Cocoanut tree dry a-top, someting de a-bottom. When the cocoanut tree (which after it begins to bear never ceases till it dies, and is always green at the top, if in health, and where it first shows when all is not well) is dry at the top, it means that something is interfering with the roots at the bottom.

Meddlesome people are told :

No put your han' in Matti saucepan. (*Don't put your hand in your neighbour's saucepan.*) Which is tantamount to : 'Mind your own business.'

Instead of 'Too much familiarity breeds contempt,' the negro says : *Play wid puppy, puppy lick your mout.* (*Play with puppy, puppy licks your mouth.*)

The double force of an argument will call from us the saying, ' That cuts both ways.' They will say :

Same knife dat kill sheep, will kill goat.

The fact that ' beauty is in the eye of the beholder,' also the kindly eye with which we view the imperfections of those we dearly love, are both strikingly expressed in the following :

Carrion crow tink him own pickney (child) white.

The carrion crow is black, and the ugliest bird in the Colony, hence the force of the proverb.

They have no ' Pecksniff ' by which to express their contempt for hypocritical and two-faced people. But there is a tree which bears a leaf as two-faced as ever man was. The star apple tree leaf—a bright green on one side, a rusty brown on the other.

As 'ceitful as a 'tar apple leaf. 'As deceitful as a star apple leaf ' is their contemptuous description of all ' Pecksniffs.'

Selfish, grasping people, who often overdo it, to their hurt, are reminded that :

Greedy choke puppy.

An old widower contemplating re-marriage would be teased thus :

Old fire stick soon ketch. (*An old piece of charred wood will soon re-light.*)

A man working with slow and antiquated tools would be reminded :

Patience man, ride jackass. (*He must be a man of great patience to ride an ass.*)

We say: 'Birds of a feather flock together.' To express something of the same meaning the negro says:

When cockroach hab dance, him nebber ax (ask) fowl.

The African would not say: 'Look before you leap,' but:

Before you jump fence, look tother side fuss (first).

That there is selfishness in the best of men is expressed in the proverb:

Passon christen him own pickney fuss. (*Parson christens his own child first.*)

The force of this is only seen when we remember the negro's tremendous respect for the 'Passon.' He is his ideal of perfection.

The following would provide food for thought on the part of those who wander about from one church to another, but settle nowhere:

Dog wid too much master goes to bed widout supper. (*The dog with too many masters goes to bed without supper.*) Belonging to all, he belongs to none, and so does not get fed.

The feelings of those who have trouble hanging over them are wonderfully set forth as follows:

Cow dat belong to butcher nebber say him berry well.

The kitchen dresser is an important article of household furniture in Guiana, often containing the food of the family. Should it fall, it would be a calamity. But there are those who laugh at

calamities, especially other people's—when it will bring them an advantage. Such are described in the saying :

Kitchen dresser fall down, mauger (meagre or little) dog laugh. The calamity is his opportunity ; he seizes something, and is off.

' It's an ill wind that blows no one any good ' is as nearly as possible its English equivalent.

People who imitate others, in a foolish sense, and often to their hurt, or maybe ruin, are reminded that :

Follow fashion brok (broke) monkey neck.'

My dear old superintendent in Guiana used to tell fine stories in illustration of some of these proverbs. The following are specimens :—In illustration of the proverb just named, 'A man named Jimmy Jones, wore, or tried to wear, a " number seven long boots," on a number ten foot. Retribution overtook the man in church, when Jimmy Jones limped in, groaning audibly, and saying things about the boots, finally getting turned out, along with another member of the congregation. " Passon or no passon, I can't help," Jim muttered in his agony. " Ow dis boots ! " The church was built on a marl cliff, and at the man's own request, he was rolled down into the gulley, where he could yell to his heart's content while the long boots were being removed by his companion. " I put me foot 'pon de chest bone, and I pull 'pon dem boots till he holler." But the perspiration had made the socks damp and sticky, and it was only after much pulling and more screaming that the boots were got off. " But when I watch

'pon dem big foots, and dem boots, I 'blige to say: 'You ought to shame, fo' put dis boots 'pon such over-ripe foot.' "' So Jimmy Jones suffered the penalty of trying to make people believe he had much smaller feet than they really were.

Our last proverb is to the effect that: *Tuddyderation better dan edication.*

Tuddyderation is the pretending to know, when we are ignorant—'Bluff!'—and this proverb is used by those who are too idle to learn.

'Massa Sammy, who was so ignorant that he could not even read, was fond of placing a pencil behind his ear, to make people believe that he was a learned man. One day a boy arrived with a letter for Massa Sammy, which required an immediate answer, for which the boy who brought it pressed mercilessly, in spite of Sammy's protest that he could not read "a running hand." "Try see, if you can't read little bit, and see what de letter say," the messenger urged. But Sammy replied: "As soon as me try fo' read me eye bun (burn) me." Pressed still further by the boy for an answer, he had to adopt different tactics, explaining in a learned manner that: "Ent you see, dis letter write wid lef'-handed pen, and me eye is a right-handed eye."'

Verily, 'Tuddyderation is better dan edication!'

Such are some of the proverbial sayings of the negroes; and after these, who will be so bold as to say, they are not 'men and brothers,' and worthy of all that has been done to set them free, and bring them to Jesus Christ?

CHAPTER XVIII

'THE GOOD TIME COMING'

GUIANA is generally regarded as a part of the West Indies. This, no doubt, has given rise to the idea in the popular mind that it is an island. Strictly speaking, it is no part whatever of the West Indies, but quite a separate and wholly different country—almost in every way a contrast to the Islands.

The West India Islands are literally 'gems of the ocean.' Many, if not all of them, little bits of sea bed, thrown up by tremendous volcanic force in the far distant past; hilly and charmingly beautiful—whose sea-girt coasts are washed by the emerald waters of the Caribbean Sea. The lovely islands are also the home of hurricanes, volcanoes, earthquakes, and tidal waves. In this respect they are a contrast to the 'Land of Mud,' save for slight, but harmless tremblings of the earth occasionally. Were a 'tidal wave' to sweep over the shores of Guiana, it would carry away its buildings and wipe out its inhabitants, lying, as the coast does, below the sea-level.

In the fact that the islands are largely inhabited by negroes and East India emigrants, and cultivate sugar, they resemble Guiana, but in little else.

Most of the West India islands are also very small, while Guiana is a vast country—about fifteen times as large as all the British Antilles put together;

and it has resources and capabilities for development impossible to them.

For a great number of years this part of the world has been given up to the cultivation and manufacture of sugar, and its by-products—molasses and rum; cotton, cocoa, tea, coffee, and many other useful things having been neglected, and allowed to die out of cultivation. This has proved a great mistake. Their 'eggs have all been in one basket,' and that basket has been considerably upset by foreign bounty-fed beet sugar, making cane-sugar growing comparatively unremunerative, so that many estates have been abandoned. This, coupled with frequent and terrible visitations of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in the islands, has brought upon them hard times. But the lesson has been learned, and attention is now being redirected to many of the old industries, with the cultivation of rubber, and the exportation of fruit. This latter industry is capable of great expansion, and is only at present in its infancy. There is no reason why Guiana, and the West India Islands, should not be able to supply both America and Europe with many of their most delicious tropical fruits, such as pineapples, mangoes, guavas, West Indian pears and others, which grow in unlimited quantities, and to such great perfection. Without a doubt, brighter commercial days are in store. 'There is a good time coming.'

What the future development of Guiana will be it is impossible to say. The capabilities and resources of the country are almost inexhaustible, and have scarcely, as yet, been touched. Of the 100,000 square miles said to be covered by the Colony—as large an area as the British Isles—only

a portion, much less than the size of Lancashire, is put under cultivation. There are twenty times more people in the City of London than in the whole of British Guiana.

There is no doubt that Guiana is one of the most beautiful and fertile countries on the face of the earth. A veritable 'Garden of Eden,' a 'land flowing with milk and honey'; a land of perpetual summer, without deserts, where fruits and vegetables and grain crops grow and ripen all the year round, and where, sometimes, two or three crops even may be reaped in one year. It is a country capable of supporting many millions of people instead of the mere handful who dwell there.

Upon its vast savannahs, grows wild enough pasturage for many thousand head of cattle; while mighty forests of unknown size abound, in which are to be found the finest furniture woods and timbers the world has ever seen, the whole being intersected by innumerable rivers.

It is no exaggeration to say that the soil of the 'Land of Mud' is so rich, and the climate so favourable, that it only needs to be 'tickled with a hoe' to produce almost anything. Undoubtedly, the mud-bank is the most fertile part, but hardly a tenth of it is under cultivation.

What is needed are settlers, industrious and energetic young people, with a little capital, and prepared to rough it for a time, in view of the hope, nay the certainty, of a future homestead, where all the necessities of life and many of its luxuries will be theirs.

Without a doubt the great drawback in the way of settlers lies in the fact of the Colony's close

proximity to the Equator; for all Europeans find that it is impossible to work in Guiana as they can in more temperate zones. Most Europeans only go there to make money and return.

From time to time, attempts have been made at colonizing, but they have ended in nought. Yet there is a case well known to the writer of a Methodist family from England emigrating and settling in Guiana, and prospering on a cocoanut farm, upon which they have erected a mill for the manufacture of cocoanut oil and fibre, &c.; and in the old days many Dutch families settled in the Colony, brought up their children, and lived and died in peace and prosperity.

Waterton gives a description of one such case in his *Essays*. He says: 'In the year 1807' [and conditions are much more favourable to-day since the important and beneficent discoveries of Sir Ronald Ross and others with regard to the causes and prevention of tropical diseases, which have made life in those parts, to white men, as healthy and safe as in England] 'some thirty miles up the beautiful Demerara, there lived an elderly Dutch settler, whose name was Laing. He was one of those farming-looking gentlemen who sauntered up and down his sylvan domain, with a long pipe in his mouth, and with a straw hat on his head, broad enough to serve both himself and his wife, by way of an umbrella, in the blazing heat of an Equatorial sun. Mynheer Laing had the surrounding trees stubbed, to a certain extent, and this enabled him to have a little dairy, and enough land to feed his cattle and enclose a garden for the ordinary wants of his household. In passing up and

down the river in your Indian canoe, his house appeared to great advantage. It stood near the top of a gently sloping hill, whilst the high trees of magnificent foliage surrounded it on every side, saving that which faced the river, and there the greensward came down quite to the water's edge.

'On viewing it, you would have said that it was as lovely a place for a man of moderate desires as could be found on this terrestrial globe.'

> No want was there of human sustenance,
> Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
> Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
> The helpless life, so wild that it was tame.

In Guiana there is no need of coal; clothes are but a covering; storehouses are a superfluity, as crops are ripening all the year round. Nature is more lavish and men's needs are fewer than in colder regions; therefore, life has not so many anxieties; and if one cannot work so hard as in more temperate climes, he need not.

Whether this rich and comparatively unknown part of the world will ever be much appreciated as a home for many in the overcrowded cities of the Old Country, only time will tell. But what you and I, dear reader, are more concerned about is the story of the Kingdom of God in this land of ancient rivers and palmy plains, and in these islands of the sea. And this had its beginning, as far as the Methodist Church is concerned, at least fifty-five years before our Foreign Missionary Society was formed.

In 1758 the Hon. Nathaniel Gilbert, a lawyer by profession, and the Speaker in the House of Assembly

Photo, W. H. Stephens & Co., Demerara.

Specimens of Fruit.

[Face page 158.

in the Island of Antigua, was driven by ill-health to take a journey to England, accompanied by two of his slaves, in the hope that the change might put new vitality into his languid frame. On the 17th of January of the following year, somehow it came to pass that John Wesley preached in the house in which Mr. Gilbert was living in Wandsworth. These two slaves, through Wesley's fervent and simple preaching, were converted and baptized, Wesley remarking that 'they were the first regenerated Africans he had ever seen.' From that time Mr. Gilbert became a devoted Methodist, and on returning to Antigua, made a full and joyful confession of his new-found 'peace with God.' His high official rank and social position made him a conspicuous target for the sneers and gibes of those who were strangers to his new-found joy. For one in his position to make a *private* confession of religion was bad and ridiculous enough, but when he took to gathering around him his own slaves and others, and reading one of Wesley's sermons, and teaching them to sing the wonderful and soul-stirring hymns of the early Methodists, their detestation and contempt knew no bounds. During this trying period Mr. Gilbert's soul was often much refreshed by letters received from Mr. Wesley, with whom he kept up a correspondence. After a time he began to preach a little himself, several members of his family joining him in the work, until quite a goodly number of converted negroes grew up around him—the seed of the first Methodist Church in the West Indies.

When Nathaniel Gilbert was called to his rest, about the year 1777, it seemed as though no one was left to carry on the good work; but John Baxter,

a young shipwright in Chatham Dockyard, who was also a Methodist local preacher, was sent on Government service to Antigua, where he landed on April 2, 1778. The very day after his arrival John Baxter preached to a company of thirty negroes. The following Sunday afternoon, to his great astonishment, he had a congregation of between four and five hundred. Shortly after he wrote to Mr. Wesley as follows: 'The old members desire me to let you know that you have many spiritual children in Antigua whom you never saw. I hope, sir, we shall have an interest in your prayers, and that all our Christian friends will pray for us. I think God has sent me here for good to the poor souls, who are glad to hear the Word, but who are unable to maintain a preacher.' The influence of this devoted and earnest shipwright was immediate and powerful, and the poor people were so eager to listen to his preaching that they would sometimes walk from seven to ten miles for the purpose.

Baxter was a great walker himself, and after his day's work was done he would frequently travel ten or twelve miles to some little hamlet to preach to the people, returning in those heavy tropical dews, which are often so fatal to Englishmen, to snatch a few hours' sleep, before returning to his secular employment on the morrow. The effect of all this upon the people was simply marvellous.

During a great drought in Antigua, food became so scarce that negroes had to live on a measured pint of horse beans per day. Baxter urged the authorities to observe a day of solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer throughout the island, but in vain. He, however, succeeded in getting many

of the Christians to observe a certain Friday for the purpose, and of this he writes to Mr. Wesley: 'It is remarkable that even while we were assembled for prayer, the Lord granted our request, by sending the showers down in great abundance, and at the same time that He was pouring floods upon the dry ground—" the times of refreshing came from His presence " in such a manner that they were constrained to cry " my cup runs over." ' About 1781 Baxter, assisted by these poor people, laboured with his own hands to erect the first Wesleyan church in Antigua; for so mightily had the work prospered that there were no less than six hundred members on the island. The opening of this first church was a great day for those poor negroes!

By and by this devoted shipwright took to himself a wife, who proved to be a real helpmate, entering heartily into every effort of his for the evangelizing of the people, going at last with him to live amongst the wild aborigines in another island. How this change of field was brought about, our story will reveal. In the year 1786, Dr. Coke, 'the Father of Methodist Missions,' set sail in a crazy old ship bound for Nova Scotia, accompanied by three other missionaries, named Hammett, Clarke, and Warrener. They had a fearful passage, being overtaken by storms and hurricanes, which drove them out of their course, causing the ship to 'spring a leak'; and fearing lest they should find a watery grave, they made for the nearest land, which proved to be the Island of Antigua, upon which they set foot, early on Christmas morning. As Coke and his companions were walking down the streets of St. John's they fell in with John Baxter, on his way

to conduct the five o'clock Christmas morning service (this custom of preaching at five o'clock on Christmas morning is still kept up in Guiana, the services being crowded). They soon told their story of the sea, how they had been nearly shipwrecked, and that quite accidentally they had found refuge in the island. Without doubt, Coke and his companions knew something of the good work in Antigua, through Gilbert and Baxter's correspondence with Wesley, but they were not prepared for the surprise which met them when they arrived at the church. In and around the building were gathered no less than one thousand people for worship—there being two thousand Methodists in the island at that time. Dr. Coke preached, and of the service he writes: 'I had one of the cleanest audiences I ever saw—all the negro women were dressed in white linen gowns, petticoats, handkerchiefs and caps, and I did not see the least spot on any of them. The men were also dressed as neatly.'

Dr. Coke and his companions began to see the hand of God in their trials. They remained in the island for some time, and from Antigua made visits to many of the adjacent islands, finding 'the fields everywhere white unto harvest.' Mr. Hammett was appointed to St. Kitts; Mr. Clarke to St. Vincent; and Mr. Warrener was to remain in Antigua.

Dr. Coke, recognizing the value of Baxter as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ, requested him to relinquish his worldly calling and give himself up entirely to the work, which he cheerfully did, though it meant a tremendous sacrifice, for he had recently been promoted to a higher position under the

Government, with a salary of £400 per annum. For a time, Baxter accompanied Coke on his visits to the surrounding islands, and in the end was duly appointed to labour among the Caribs in St. Vincent. After a while he returned to his beloved Antigua, from whence in 1805 he passed home to God, a victim of fever, after twenty-eight years of faithful service in laying the foundations of West Indian Methodism.

Methodism was introduced into British Guiana about the year 1788, by William Augustus Claxton and William Powell, from the Island of Nevis. These two God-fearing men, along with six others, who accompanied them to Guiana, were brought to Christ under the preaching of Dr. Coke, when he visited Nevis from St. Kitts about the year 1787. Claxton and his party had not been long in the 'Land of Mud' when they were joined by several more Methodist Christians from the Island of St. Eustatius. These devoted men and women banded themselves together, and formed the first Methodist Church in Guiana, carrying on the work amid much opposition and persecution.

Camp Street, where the Bedford Church now stands, was their head quarters. In a very short time, by new converts, the little company of Methodists increased to forty, and at the beginning of 1800 the number had risen to seventy, all meeting in classes, under the leadership of Claxton and Powell. Many letters were written by these honoured brethren from time to time to the Conference in England, imploring that a minister might be sent to them. In the year 1800 Demerara appears for the first time among our Mission Stations, with the

name of the Rev. Thomas Pattison as missionary; and in the following year, the Rev. John Brownell was appointed. For some unknown reason, however, these two brethren never arrived in the Colony. These were bitter disappointments to the early Methodists there; yet the work steadily prospered, the Society increasing in numbers every year.

At the Conference of 1804 the Rev. John Hawkshaw, of Nevis, was appointed to Guiana, and arrived in the Colony on September 30 of that year. On presenting himself to the Governor two days afterwards, he was refused permission to remain, and ordered by His Excellency to leave the Colony by the mail-boat which brought him. During his short stay he made the most of his opportunities, preaching to the people, and organizing the church by appointing leaders, stewards, &c. This sudden departure of the missionary, for whom they had waited so long, and for whose coming they had prayed so fervently, was a terrible blow to the infant church of Guiana; but they bore this and other discouragements with wonderful patience, and plodded on, still growing in numbers until it pleased the Great Head of the Church to remove all barriers, and give them the desire of their hearts.

Ten long years, however, rolled away before another minister was appointed. In 1814 the name of the Rev. John Mortier appears in the *Minutes*, for Demerara; but, instead of Mr. Mortier, the District Meeting held in Antigua sent the Rev. Thomas Talboys from one of the Leeward Islands. Since the landing of Mr. Talboys there has been an uninterrupted succession of Wesleyan missionaries labouring in Guiana. When Mr. Talboys arrived, he found a

flourishing church of three hundred and sixty members. Shortly after his coming, the head quarters of the Society was transferred from Camp Street to Werk-en-rust, where the handsome Trinity Church and Mission House now stand.

Though Bedford took the third place in the Georgetown Circuit of my day, coming after Trinity and Kingston, yet it has the honour of being the first and oldest of the three city churches, and the cradle of Guiana Methodism ; for it was there that Claxton and Powell and their co-workers held their first Methodist services, in the house of a coloured lady, known by the name of 'Sally Kitts.'

In recent years our Missions in this part of the world have been passing through trying times, the causes being those already referred to. Not only has the sugar industry been depressed, thus making our people poor, but our Church properties have been damaged and destroyed by earthquakes to the extent of many thousands of pounds. The West Indian Conferences, formed some years ago to take over the management of the work from the Mission House in London, have had to be abandoned, and our work once more taken beneath the fostering care of our Missionary Society.

There are features of our work in the West Indies that are peculiar, such as our geographical division, and the consequent isolation, and also the great expense of travelling to Synods and Conferences, &c.—difficulties which can never pass away. But these things are only incidents ; the real prosperity and success of the work is sure. 'The prospect is as bright as the promises of God.' Our people, though poor, contribute with a marvellous generosity to the

work. 'Other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours.' The Methodist Church has never had braver men and women than those earliest missionaries and their wives who went to Guiana. They carried the gospel to those people, when Guiana was little better than a fever swamp. They were persecuted, opposed, and insulted; and their life was an hourly self-sacrifice. To-day we reap the fruits of their toil; and in years to come others will reap the fruits of ours, until we shall all 'rejoice together.' No power of opposition has ever been able or ever will be able to destroy the work.

God's Word speaks of 'a good time coming,' when 'He shall bring His sons from far, and His daughters from the ends of the earth,' 'and the idols He shall utterly abolish'; 'when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose'; when 'He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth,' 'and the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it'; when 'they shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.' Many thousands of redeemed souls have already come, and thousands are on their way—to be followed by thousands more.

Whatever the future may bring, God will come with it; for He has said: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen!'

That is enough!

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
But yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals grave by grave,
And pave a path that's sunward.
We are beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

'Southampton Times' Co., Ltd., Printers, 70 Above Bar, Southampton.

BOOKS of MISSIONARY INTEREST

The Fiji of To-day

By J. W. BURTON. Seventy-five fine illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo, Cloth Gilt, Gilt Top, **7s. 6d.** net.

The author, who has first-hand knowledge of his subject, has aimed throughout at giving a faithful representation of things as they are. Facts are fearlessly stated; problems are bravely faced and grappled with; and logical conclusions are sought no matter whither they may lead.

Everyday Life in Bengal

By W. H. HART. With Thirty-three illustrations Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, **3s. 6d.**

These brief papers endeavour to tell something about common life and familiar things in India, and they answer many of the questions which are continually being asked of those who have returned from that country.

Glorious Gospel Triumphs

As seen in My Life and Work in Fiji and Australasia. By JOHN WATSFORD. With Portrait, and Introduction by Dr. Fitchett. Large Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, **3s. 6d.**

'A man of many good natural gifts, shrewd, observant, and full of the passion for enterprise, he has passed through scenes of novel interest. These are set forth in this volume with much picturesque detail.'—*Bradford Observer.*

Benares: The Stronghold of Hinduism

By C. PHILLIPS CAPE. With Forty-two Photographic Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, **2s. 6d.**

A deeply interesting book, written by one who has had considerable experience of this ancient city on the Ganges. The illustrations are a great feature.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-25 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, **London, E.C.**

AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS *of* MISSIONARY INTEREST

Medical Missions in China: In Connexion with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. By W. A. TATCHELL, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. With an Appreciation by the Hon. E. H. FRASER, C.M.G., H.B.M. Consul-General, Hankow. 47 illustrations. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.**

'The enthusiast in Foreign Missions who secures as a reader one whose attitude to the work is frigid, will be almost certain of making an advocate of missions in their fullest sense, those which minister to the body as well as to the mind.'—*Sheffield Independent.*

The Kingdom without Frontiers: A World Missionary Survey. By THOMAS MOSCROP. Second Thousand. Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **3s. 6d.** net.

The writer, in the course of missionary advocacy, has been asked repeatedly—by enthusiastic supporters, by earnest seekers for knowledge, and by coldly critical people—to answer questions, the answers to which involved just such information as is here given. There is much in this work that will meet the needs of those who want to know the facts.

Foreign Missions: What they have done and how they may be extended. By ALFRED BEER. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d.** net.

'The real aim of this book is to excite a livelier interest in mission work. It will do something to create a missionary conscience, by making people feel sensitive of the spiritual needs of the heathen world. A thorough-going, timely, and useful book.'—*Primitive Methodist Leader.*

Under the Shadow of the Temple: and other Tales from Medak. By EMILIE POSNETT and S. A. HARRIS. With Eight Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. **1s. 6d.** net.

'Written in a charmingly simple style, easy and fluent, and will appeal not only to all those who are interested in missions, but also to all those who are interested in Indian village life, manners, and customs, of which the book gives some delightful pictures.'—*Yorkshire Herald.*

Women in the Mission Field: Glimpses of Christian Women among the Heathen. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth. **1s. 6d.**

'Each of the women here portrayed expected great things for God, and did great things for Him. They were worthy of remembrance, and they are worthily remembered in Mr. Telford's interesting work.'—*Missionary Echo.*

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, **London, E.C.**

AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS *of* MISSIONARY INTEREST

Abroad for the Bible Society

Travels in China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia. By JOHN H. RITSON, M.A., one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society. With 133 illustrations from photographs by the Author. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d. net.

'A thousand glimpses and impressions, humorous and pitiful, gay and earnest, of the people and the country.'—*Bible in the World.*

The Call of the Pacific

By J. W. BURTON. With 32 pages of illustrations, and a Map of Polynesia. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s. net.

A graphic story of missionary effort in the South Seas, and an emphatic vindication of Christian Missions.

Light in the Dark Jungles

Missionary Work in Mysore. By A. DUMBARTON. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. Illustrated from photographs. 1s. 6d. net.

The Peach Garden

A Chinese Story. By J. SIDNEY HELPS. With 8 illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 1s. 6d. net.

In the Brahmans' Holy Land

A Record of Service in Mysore. By B. ROBINSON. Illustrated from photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 1s. 6d. net.

Aloes and Palms

Sketches of Village Life in South India. By JOAN HAWORTH. With 8 full-page illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 1s. 6d. net.

Beside the Red Mountain

By KINGSTON DE GRUCHE. 8 illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.

The Great Chinese Awakening

A Bird's-Eye View of Almost Every Aspect of Chinese Life. By A. R. KELLEY. Narrow f'cap 8vo, with map. 1s. net.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, **London, E.C.**

BOOKS of MISSIONARY INTEREST

MISSIONARY STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Price 2s. 6d. each.

Large Crown 8vo, Cloth, with Eight Coloured Plates to each.

Three Boys in the Wild North Land	*Egerton R. Young*
Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great North Land	,,
Algonquin Indian Tales	,,
Stories from Indian Wigwams	,,
By Canoe and Dog Train among the Cree and Salteaux Indians	,,
The Battle of the Bears, 8 black and white illus.	,,

Price 2s. 6d. net each.

Each Cloth Gilt, 9¼ x 6¾, Four Coloured Plates and numerous other Illustrations.

The Little Japanese Girl	*Nell Parsons*
The Little Burma Girl	,,
The Little Chinese Girl	,,

Price 1s. 6d. each.

Large Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, Fully Illustrated.

Oowikapun	*Egerton R. Young*
Our Entry into Hunan	*C. Wilfrid Allan*
Gangai's Pilgrimage	*A. C. Clayton*
The Skipper Parson	*James Lumsden*
Feringhi	*A. Dumbarton*

Price 1s. each.

Large Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt.

Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands	*J. R. S. Clifford*
Tangam's Prize: The Story of a Missionary Doll	*Amy A. Vincent*

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, **London, E.C.**

AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE 'SELECT' SERIES.

Large crown 8vo. Cloth. Bound in an elegant style with full decorative design in gilt on back and side. With coloured plates, **2/-** each.

1 **Than Many Sparrows.** By A. E. COURTENAY.

2 **For the King and the Cross.** By JESSIE ARMSTRONG.

3 **Shadow of Nobility.** By E. E. HORNIBROOK.

4 **The Lamplighter.** By M. S. CUMMINS.

5 **Wide, Wide World.** By SUSAN WARNER.

6 **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** By H. B. STOWE.

7 **Westward Ho!** By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

8 **Cripple of Nuremburg.** By F. B. CLARK.

9 **Roger Haigh, Chartermaster.** By MRS. R. A. WATSON.

10 **More than Kin.** By E. E. HORNIBROOK.

11 **Hallam Succession.** By AMELIA E. BARR.

12 **Modern Exodus.** By F. HUNTINGTON.

13 **Pilgrim's Progress.** By JOHN BUNYAN.

14 **Ways of Marigold.** By FLORENCE BONE.

15 **Nine Famous Crusades.** By ANNE E. KEELING.

16 **Barbara Heck.** By REV. W. H. WITHROW.

17 **Amos Truelove.** By C. R. PARSONS.

19 **Five Brave Hearts.** By E. RHODES.

20 **Martin Rattler.** By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

21 **The Dog Crusoe.** By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

22 **Queens of the Bible.** Popular Studies for Modern Readers. By VALLANCE C. COOK. Illustrated by reproductions of famous pictures by great artists.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road and 26 Paternoster Row, **London, E.C.**

And of all Booksellers and Libraries.

THE 'PANSY' SERIES

Of Copyright Books.

Large crown 8vo. In an artistic design on back and side. Cloth, gilt panel. With coloured plate. **2/-** each.

1 **Judge Burnham's Daughter.** By 'PANSY.'
2 **Eighty Seven.** By 'PANSY.'
3 **Unto the End.** By 'PANSY.'
4 **Aunt Hannah.** By 'PANSY.'
5 **John Remington, Martyr.** By 'PANSY.'
6 **Her Associate Members.** By 'PANSY.'

THE 'RAY' SERIES

Of Books for Young People.

Large crown 8vo. Cloth gilt. Very attractive cover designs. With illustrations, **2/-** each.

1 **Ray, the Boy who Lost and Won.** By J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER.
2 **The Bitter South.** By FRANK T. BULLEN.
3 **The Boy's Book of Angling and Rambling.** By W. J. CLAXTON.
4 **The Maid of Monkseaton.** By J. CUTHBERTSON.
5 **For King or Parliament.** By S. HORTON.
6 **The Sister Crusoes.** By E. PROTHEROE.
7 **The Old Moorings.** By ANNIE S. SWAN.
8 **Romance of an Old Manor House.** By ROWLAND WALKER.
9 **Engineers, Halt!** By E. C. R. WOOLCOCK.
10 **The Tireless Rider.** By J. W. HART.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

And of all Booksellers and Libraries.

THE CASTLE LIBRARY.

Large crown 8vo. Cloth gilt, **1/6** each.

4 **Ringing Bells.** By REESE ROCKWELL. Coloured Frontispiece.

7 **Bluebell of Swanpool.** By A. E. COURTENAY. Coloured Frontispiece.

11 **Scenes through the Battle Smoke.** By A. MALE.

12 **The Rabbi's Sons: A Story of the Days of St. Paul.** By EMILY WEAVER. Coloured Frontispiece.

13 **A Modern Exodus.** By FAYE HUNTINGTON. 2 Coloured Plates.

15 **Pilgrim's Progress.** By JOHN BUNYAN. 2 Coloured Plates.

16 **Pride of the Family.** By A. E. KEELING. Coloured Frontispiece.

17 **Grand Gilmore.** By REESE ROCKWELL. Coloured Frontispiece.

18 **Grannie Tresawna's Story.** By N. CORNWALL. Coloured Frontispiece.

19 **Castle Malling.** By A. E. KEELING. Coloured Frontispiece.

20 **Sprattie and the Dwarf.** By N. CORNWALL. Coloured Frontispiece.

21 **Raymond Theed.** By E. KENDALL. Coloured Frontispiece.

22 **The King's Messenger.** By REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Coloured Frontispiece.

23 **The Four Friends.** By W. W. POCOCK. 2 Coloured Plates.

24 **Andrew Golding.** By A. E. KEELING. Coloured Frontispiece.

25 **Dickon O'Greenwood.** By K. T. SIZER. Coloured Frontispiece.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

And of all Booksellers and Libraries.

CASTLE LIBRARY—*continued.*

26 **Valeria.** By Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. Coloured Frontispiece.

27 **Shadows.** By Helen Briston. Coloured Frontispiece.

32 **Overruled.** By Pansy. 2 Coloured Plates.

35 **Yesterday Framed in To-day.** 2 Coloured Plates.

36 **Under the Shadow of the Temple.** By E. Posnett and S. A. Harris.

37 **Aloes and Palms.** By Joan Haworth.

38 **Beside the Red Mountain.** By Kingston de Gruché.

39 **Tina and Beth.** By Annie E. Courtenay.

40 **Adelaide's Treasure.** By Sarson.

41 **The Stolen Children.** By Henry Bleby.

42 **Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage.** By Kate T. Sizer

43 **Three Jolly Playmates.** By J. W. Seller.

'UNCLE REG' SERIES
Of Books for Young People.

Large crown 8vo. Cloth gilt. Ornamental cover design. **1/6** each.

1 **Uncle Reg's Schooldays.** By Himself.

2 **Those Boys.** By Faye Huntington.

3 **Lion the Mastiff.** By A. G. Savigny.

4 **Sté, or the Lad of Lovelyn.** By 'Old Cornish.'

5 **The Gift of the Sea.** By A. B. Cooper.

6 **Off Elbow Light.** By Lionel North.

7 **Nell of Glen Maye.** By E. H. Jackson.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
And of all Booksellers and Libraries.

THE PIONEER SERIES.

Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt. Attractive design. 1/- each.

3 **A Change of Weather.** By W. J. FORSTER.

4 **Children of the Village.** By EMILY M. BRYANT.

5 **Stories of Many Wheels.** By W. J. FORSTER.

8 **Gilead Guards: A Story of the American Civil War.** By MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

9 **Denis Patterson: A Story of Early Methodism.** By K. T. SIZER.

10 **Crosbie Urquhart's Sowing: A Story of Fifty Years ago.** By K. T. SIZER.

11 **The Bevans.** By W. T. EMMS.

14 **Guy and Gladys: Two Small Westerners.** By C. D. HYDE.

21 **Feringhi; Stories of Indian Gypsy Life.** By A. DUMBARTON.

24 **Martin Luther.** By J. S. BANKS, D.D.

25 **Little Crusaders.** By FLORENCE BONE.

26 **Guido, the Choir Boy.** By FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

26B **Ironsides.** By HELEN BRISTON.

27 **Fina's First Fruits, and other Stories.** By LENA TYACK.

28 **Little Pair, and What They Did.** By E. M. BRYANT.

30 **The Nine, a Family History.** By EMILY M. BRYANT.

31 **Miss Meyrick's Niece.** By EVELYN E. GREEN.

36 **My Black Sheep.** By EVELYN E. GREEN.

40 **Scripture Truths made Simple.** By REV. J. R. GREGORY.

43 **Message of the Birds.** By W. G. MATHEWS.

47 **At Aunt Verbena's.** By M. S. HAYCRAFT.

52 **Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands.** By J. R. S. CLIFFORD

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

And of all Booksellers and Libraries.

PIONEER SERIES—*continued.*

53 **Tangam's Prize. The Story of a Missionary Doll.** By AMY A. VINCENT.
54 **Dairyman's Daughter.** By LEGH RICHMOND.
55 **Basket of Flowers.** By C. VON SCHMID.
56 **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** By H. B. STOWE.
57 **General Gordon.** By A. E. KEELING.
58 **Babes in the Basket.**
59 **The Pilgrim's Progress.** By JOHN BUNYAN.
60 **The New Headmaster.** By MARGARET HAYCRAFT.
61 **Jennie and Her Charges.** By ANNIE RYLANDS.
62 **Hawthornvale.** By J. CUTHBERTSON.
63 **Achan's Ghost.** By J. M. BAMFORD.
64 **Patty Thorne's Adventures.** By MRS. H. B. PAULL
65 **May's Captain.** By HELEN BRISTON.
66 **Martin Luther.** By J. S. BANKS.

AUNT DOROTHY SERIES.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Neat cover design. **9d.** each.

4 **Foundation Scholar.** By JENNIE PERRETT.
5 **Heartsease and Morning Glories.** By JENNIE CHAPPELL.
7 **Miss Grahame's Memorial.**
11 **Scenes from the Wonderful Life.** By W. J. FORSTER.
12 **Early Methodism in the Black Country.**
13 **Poppy's Life Service.** By E. SEARCHFIELD.
14 **The Nine.** By E. M. BRYANT.
15 **Rachael's Trust.** By K. M. GILLIES.
16 **The Basket of Flowers.** By C. VON SCHMID.
17 **Sara's Choice.** By A. F. PERRAM.

Charles H. Kelly, 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
And of all Booksellers and Libraries.